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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Landrum-Griffin: An Analysis

SYLVESTER PETRO

The Continuing Ordeal of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

AN EDITORIAL

Stand-off in New Hampshire

L. BRENT BOZELL

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . FORREST DAVIS
COLM BROGAN · FRANK CHODOROV · RALPH DE TOLEDANO
HUGH KENNER · PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY · ALOISE HEATH

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbott Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh

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For the Record

White House has okayed campaign criticism by Nixon of certain (well-delineated) aspects of Administration policies: namely, foreign aid; the farm program; World Court legislation, i.e., for repeal of the Connally Reservation. Out of bounds: any attack on defense policies. . . . Look for foreign aid to emerge as important Nixon campaign issue. His thesis: foreign aid is too big a job for government money. Private business should take over much of the job; be encouraged to invest in underdeveloped countries through tax deferrals, other incentives.

Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters Union listed as number one lobby in Washington last year. It spent $240,000, mostly in abortive effort to defeat Landrum-Griffin bill. . . . Hoffa's legislative purge list includes a number of prominent Liberal Democratic congressmen. Reason: they actively support Kennedy, who is public enemy number one in Hoffa's book. . . . It was after seeing On the Beach, say Albany sources, that Governor Rockefeller ordered bomb shelters built in all his homes.

Radio Moscow frequently refers to Fidel Castro as "the Communist leader of the West." . . . French papers claim many more people could have been saved from Agadir quake if Moroccan authorities had not hindered rescue operations by French troops who arrived on scene within hours. . . . French authorities hard put to rub out the chalked word "Budapest" which Paris anti-Communists (those not in Corsica) scrawled everywhere in preparation for Khrushchev visit. . . . Sentenced to death: an official of the Bulgarian Orthodox Church for the crime of producing and selling candles. . . . Now head of the British Broadcasting Company, Hugh Carleton Greene, brother of anti-American genius, novelist Graham Greene.

Department of Agriculture announcement that farm income is down 14.5 per cent in 32 states left one Midwest Republican up for re-election muttering: "In a campaign year, couldn't they have said it was on the rise in 18 states?" . . . Available from the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee: an incisive study on international Communism's $3 billion a year propaganda offensive. . . . On the price of cleanliness: The U. S. government now spends more per year on paper towels than it did on its Navy during the War of 1812.

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The WEEK

● Adlai Stevenson, the *New York Times* reveals, has hired a speechwriter with a good common touch. How can he have done such a thing! Is there anything worse than the prospect of Stevenson's thoughts in *plain* language? So we didn't vote for him, does he have to do *that* to us?

● The Russians hit the moon, but the U.S., by gum, has jumped clean beyond that to put a satellite into orbit in the neighborhood of Venus. So it goes in a time of open scientific secrets openly arrived at. When Khrushchev was over here boasting about his lunar conquests, there were plenty of commentators urging U.S. citizens to take to the wailing wall. The spectacle never did make sense, and it gives us not a little pleasure to note that a lot of these commentators seem to be stuck with their high inventories of sackcloth and ashes.

● How does Lyndon Johnson feel about the repeal of the loyalty oath? On the assumption that it is very difficult to find out how Mr. Johnson really feels about anything, a reader sought to trap him by writing him *two* letters (under different names), one urging him to hang on to the loyalty pledge, one urging him to repeal it. But old Lyndon calmly outfoxed him—all in the day's work. To the letter urging him *not* to repeal he wrote: "As you may know, this question was before the Senate during the last session of Congress, and at that time I voted against removing this requirement as a condition to obtaining a student loan under the act." Most cordially, etc., etc. And to the letter urging *repeal,* he wrote, "I do not see that the disclaimer affidavit adds anything to the strength of the oath of allegiance required by the act. In fact, a bill I introduced to provide loan assistance for college students through a Government insurance program does not include the provisions which you find objectionable." Most cordially, etc.

● Whatever the defects in Governor Rockefeller's specific proposals to encourage the building of private fallout shelters and to install shelters in government buildings, we commend him for disdaining the two schools of thought on civil defense into which high officialdom has hitherto been divided. The one holds that we need not take realistic steps for our survival because nuclear attack is unthinkable; the other scorns action on the grounds that it can't do any good anyway. Governor Rockefeller's proposal is realistic and sane, sane enough, we should think, to become a part of the program of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

● We trust one of President Eisenhower's lieutenants clipped the dispatch in last week's *New York Times* for appropriate condensation. The news story documented the un-strange bedfellowship of Abdel Nasser and Fidel Castro—an Arab-Caribbean neutralist *entente* working at top speed to turn all of Latin America into an anti-American camp. In the last year alone, the UAR extended diplomatic relations in Latin America to include Haiti, Honduras, Costa Rica, El Salvador and Ecuador. Its minister, Mohammed el Tabei, has promoted anti-American sentiment in Panama and elsewhere. (We note, in passing, the outcrop of swastikas and anti-Semitic slogans in the area since this increase in pan-Arabic activity.) Arab commercial interests in Latin America are negligible; Arab population virtually nonexistent. The increased activity, and its concentration on Panama, can mean only one thing: Part Two of the Canal Seizure Story—"Panama, Son of Suez."

● Senator J. William Fulbright cut into the meanderings of the civil rights filibuster—to which, to his chagrin, he is a party—with a stinging denunciation of the Administration's defense policy. Warning that Khrushchev indeed intends to bury us, Senator Fulbright asserted that so rich a country as ours should find it "humiliating" to debate whether it is stronger or weaker than the Soviet Union. The Senate further heard that instead of evading "the enquiries of earnest men worried about their country's security," President Eisenhower should "call the people, so to speak, to the hill of the Lord and tell them what will be exacted of them if they seek salvation on this earth against extinction or slavery." Amen.

● In Europe the opinion is rather general that Khrushchev's flu was brought on by cold feet. The closer he got to departure time for Paris, the less appetizing the program seemed. The world-publicized exiling of a thousand East Europeans—many of them distinguished writers and scholars—was a grim comment on "the Khrushchev image." The French Freemasons, right-wing Socialists and Catholic hierarchy all called for a boycott of ceremonies in Khrushchev's honor. Several conservative groups planned active counter-demonstrations. The mayor of Nancy, a town included on the schedule, stated he would not welcome Nikita to his city. The official itinerary, with what looks like a deliberate slyness, is so jam-packed with visits to cathedrals, art galleries and chateaux that no time is allowed for the ad lib haranguings

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of the crowds that the French Communist Party was ordered to get into the streets. Some one may also have tipped Khrushchev off that de Gaulle is not quite so easy to get along with as Eisenhower. From his sick bed, Khrushchev has cut the total travel time for the postponed visit, and is maneuvering to get the program shifted to one more in his style.

● In the advanced welfare state of Denmark, a citizen's physical needs are taken care of from birth to death. Yet the World Health Organization reveals that mental illness is a critical problem in Denmark and there is an unusually high incidence of suicide. WHO attributes this to "melancholy brought on by intellectual exhaustion." Giuseppe Prezzolini, acid-tongued American representative of *Borghese,* says it in another way: "The Danes are killing themselves out of boredom."

● The W. H. Brady Company of Wisconsin makes checks out to its employees which show clearly the tithes of state and federal governments—just to keep the workers reminded of the discrepancy between what they earn, and what is their take-home pay, and who is responsible for that discrepancy. The checks, moreover, are made out: "The customers of the W. H. Brady Company authorize us to pay to ————————————," an elementary reminder that in a free market society it is the consumer who makes the principal economic decisions, including the decision whether or not the W. H. Brady Company—or the duPont Company—will have money with which to hire its employees.

● We have been brooding all afternoon on how to treat appropriately the latest news from Ghana (Nkrumah's courts have ordered sixteen members of his opposition party to be lashed twelve times apiece with whips). But words flail us.

The Mindless Way

Because it is so widespread, momentous and persistent, we take frequent occasion to comment on the illusion that "disarmament" is the way to prevent war and ensure peace. Let us repeat once more: national armaments are not the cause but the expression of those conflicts of interest that lead, or can lead, to war. So long as there are international conflicts of interests which are felt to be vital, there will not and cannot be any large measure of disarmament. If the conflicts are resolved or mitigated, then a reduction of armament follows almost as a matter of course. The essential problem is the conflict, not the arms. To try to get rid of the conflict by throwing away the arms is to turn reality upside down.

This spring's negotiating schedule shows a flagrant symptom of the disarmament illusion. We have begun our Disarmament Conference two months *before* the start of a political Summit meeting convened precisely because of the existence of grave and intractable conflicts of interest. Granted the utmost optimism, how can the major nations do anything serious about disarmament before they find out whether the Summit meeting will be able to do something serious about the conflicts?

We therefore sympathize with Mr. Frederick M. Eaton, chief of our disarmament delegation at Geneva, as he begins a task at which he cannot possibly achieve any substantial success. Yet Mr. Eaton, who is unversed in these matters, may quite probably feel, as a lawyer, that he has entered court possessed of an able brief: the "proposal for general disarmament" which the five Western nations, coming to last-minute agreement, presented as a "working paper" to the Eastern five. And it is a fact that this proposal is clear, sensible and ingenious. It outlines an effective method for carrying out progressive general disarmament—*if* both sides were negotiating in good faith, were really agreed on disarming, and were willing to sacrifice outstanding claims, needs and interests that are obstacles to disarming. Since these conditions do not exist, the Western proposal floats in a political vacuum.

For the Communists, a "disarmament campaign," like a "peace" or "coexistence" campaign is an act of war: a phase of their continuous war for mastery of the world. What goes on in the Geneva conference room is of minuscule interest in their eyes. Following standard tactical procedure, they are using the conference "as a forum from which to speak to the masses." Therefore it is unnecessary and pointless for them to present a carefully worked out plan of disarmament that would make sense when submitted to rational analysis.

Essentially, the Communists need only hammer away at the simple slogans Khrushchev was permitted to launch from the UN rostrum. The way to disarm is to disarm, and stop this quibbling over "inspection," "controls" and detailed "stages"! Just dump all the weapons in the sea; send the soldiers back to home, farm and factory; and in four years have nothing left of armies except a few policemen to direct traffic!

That is the kind of stuff mass propaganda is made from. How can Mr. Eaton's elaborate, colorless paragraphs—all arranged by I, II, III's; A, B, C, D's; 1, 2, 3, 4's—with their "data to be submitted" and "purposes specified in Para. A" and "percentage of the GNP earmarked," how can this well-meant but hopelessly bureaucratic verbiage compete with the Soviet slogans in the *real* business of the conference: the contest for "men's minds," as we say, meaning,

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"men's mindless emotions"? Because the Western proposal floats in a vacuum, it can make no sound; it does not reverberate beyond the conference walls. The Soviet slogans, crude and empty in rational content, are engineered not to reach Mr. Eaton's brain but to stir the passions, terrors and hopes of the masses of men throughout the world.

Nobody Knows de Messes He's Seen

Last week Senator John Williams of Delaware entered into the *Congressional Record* three columns by Mr. Drew Pearson. And then he called for a congressional investigation.

Heaven knows we need one—into the labryrinthine affairs of the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell Jr., Congressman from Harlem. Granted, there is a presumption of untruth deriving from the mere fact that Drew Pearson, who is about as reliable as the New Haven Railroad, authored the columns which detail the political venalities of Mr. Powell, and of the exalted company he keeps. But Drew Pearson did not invent the attempted fix exposed by NATIONAL REVIEW two years ago, when the U.S. Attorney, on orders from Washington, allowed the investigation by a grand jury into the wonderland of Mr. Powell's tax returns to languish. Pearson did not make *that* up. There was a scandal, and but for the dogged honesty of a young Assistant U.S. Attorney who refused to comply with the fix, the country would not last week have heard the public prosecutor accuse the Reverend Powell of taking incredible liberties with the tax laws of the United States. We succeeded in re-railing the grand jury's investigation: but there was no inquest aimed at ascertaining the nature of the interference with due process in behalf of a political buccaneer.

And today the reluctance to turn over the stone remains. Senator Williams' proposal failed conspicuously to attract enthusiasm on either side of the aisle. Neither political party stands to gain from an investigation of the charges by Drew Pearson—if the charges are true. At stake are the reputations, and perhaps the careers, of some of the principal figures in the Republican and the Democratic parties.

Pearson draws out the story in a detail which we do not go into here. The essentials read into the *Congressional Record* are as follows: In 1956, Powell wanted a) money, and b) protection against the Treasury Department, which was on to his tax troubles and moving in. He made a deal with big-time Republicans, conspicuously Sherman Adams. In return for $50,000 plus fringe benefits and the promise to try to squelch the tax investigation, Powell switched to Eisenhower-for-President in 1956.

Two years later, both parties in New York were in a dither over the Harriman-Rockefeller contest, which they believed to be going neck-and-neck. Both sides were determined to secure for their candidates the benediction of Adam Powell. The Republicans, ever opposed to inflation, offered him the same old fifty thousand; but Carmine De Sapio calmly offered one hundred thousand. One hundred thousand dollars is twice as many dollars as fifty thousand dollars —reflecting, Adam Powell must have thought, a greater interest by Democrats than Republicans in the welfare of at least *one* member of the Negro race, and then, too, he was sure that the Republicans had bungled the business of silencing the grand jury. So—the story as read into the *Record* continues—Powell got the hundred thousand ($50,000 in cash, the balance at $100 per week for ten years) and duly announced that the fate of the Negro depended on the re-election as governor of Mr. W. Averell Harriman.

"Shortly thereafter," the *Record* shows Drew Pearson to have ended his account, "the Congressman told his church congregation how Charlie Willis, former assistant to Eisenhower, had offered him $50,000 of Republican money.

" 'I told him,' Powell shouted, 'that no man can buy Adam Powell. I belong to my people.'

"The congregation stamped their feet, clapped, and waved their handkerchiefs.

"What he didn't tell them was that he had taken $50,000 from Willis in 1956 and a $100,000 package from Tammany Democrats in 1958.

"And on almost any Friday if you're down at the Biltmore Hotel in the late afternoon you'll see Acy Lennon, convicted secretary to Congressman Powell [tax fraud], coming down to Carmine De Sapio's headquarters to collect that $100 a week which is part of the $100,000 deal and is still being paid."

If all of this is fabrication, heaven knows Adam Clayton Powell Jr. and a lot of other people are owed a spanking, tax-deductible retraction by Drew Pearson. But there is a prodigality of detail in Pearson's story, as one can see, which undoubtedly caught the attention of the painstaking Senator from Delaware, whose appetite for the whole story, every last bit of it, is legendary. Pearson seemed to know everything about what had gone on—who shared in the fix, who made the relevant decisions, how the money was split up—everything.

We take the opportunity to announce that in all probability Drew Pearson's informant is one Frederick Douglas Weaver. Frederick Douglas Weaver, a colored politician with a long memory and an angry heart, came to the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW one

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year ago and asked us how much would we pay for his inside story on Adam Clayton Powell Jr., for whom he had worked and with whom he had been closely associated for years; but for whom he no longer felt fraternal sentiments. (Weaver had recently been dispossessed of his sinecure with New York's Housing Authority, and Adam had not taken proper care of him.) We told Weaver we would listen to that part of his story which was of public concern and pay him for the time it took him to tell it to us. He was clearly shattered, for he had expected a great deal of money. However, he said, he would, for a $200 advance, spend five days with a stenographer and tell us the story of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., bits and pieces of which he gave us on the spot—bits and pieces reproduced, verbatim, in the columns of Drew Pearson.

We gave him the advance. And we never saw him again. Drew Pearson, he was undoubtedly told by Mr. Neil Scott, the energetic booking agent who accompanied him, had big dough; and Drew Pearson feasted on this kind of thing. . . .

The trial of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. goes on. The prosecution appears to mean business—a poignant relapse into rectitude, stimulated perhaps by

Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

Mr. Powell's redefection to the Democrats in 1958. This is definitely not a sweetheart prosecution. Information obviously available against Adam Clayton Powell Jr., but which was not evidently pressed on the attention of the grand jury is now being used at the trial. It is charged that Powell proposed to take a deduction of $737 for clerical garb which in fact had cost him (two clerical collars were involved) $2.37. He listed at $2,536 the cost of his train transportation to and from Washington in a year when he was abroad four months. Charged the prosecutor, Mr. Morton Robson: in fact Powell sent out an assistant minister to buy his tickets, thus getting them at the half rate given by railroads to clergymen. To have used up that much money, he would have had to travel round trip between New York and Washington practically every single day of the year, including week-ends! In 1952, when the Powells' gross income was $70,000, he listed their joint tax liability at $700! If you think that's so hard, try it yourself. It's as easy as listing everything as a deductible expense, including your son's pajamas. (Yes, Powell did.)

We have never had any particular interest in the peculations of individual congressmen: like everyone else, we deplore them, and assume a vigilant Treasury will make life miserable for the cheaters. But we do care about the corruption of the judicial and, incidentally, the democratic processes. The relationship between corruption and Adam Clayton Powell Jr. would appear to be something like the relationship between typhoid and Typhoid Mary. That is the story the details of which Drew Pearson may have got right; the story Senator John Williams proposes to investigate; the story which could exonerate, or publicly dishonor, big figures in our disintegrating political world.

The Unanswered Guest

On March 14, at a public rally held in London to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the *Daily Worker,* John Gollan, general secretary of the Communist Party of Great Britain, declared: "The new German militarism is even more menacing than the Hitler threat of the 1930s." This statement by the Kremlin's chief British agent and spokesman is a key to Moscow's present European policy and her planned objectives for the Summit meeting.

The Russians fear a Germany integrally allied with the West and adequately armed with advanced weapons. Therefore they seek to block or delay German rearmament; to drive a wedge between West Germany and her NATO allies; and—as Soviet Ambassador to Bonn, Andrei A. Smirnov, made brutally clear in a private talk last week with a group of West German leaders—to prevent German reunification unless and until all Germany is ready to become a Moscow-oriented People's Democracy.

In moving toward these objectives, the Kremlin's tactics are designed to exploit every Western vulnerability, strategic, economic and psychological. The threat to Berlin makes telling use of a Western geographical disadvantage. Anti-war sentiment, roused generally by the disarmament campaign, is specifically tied to the latent fear of "German militarism" which is found not only in the nations that fought against Germany in the first two world wars but in Germany itself. Within recent months a world-wide Communist operation has sought—with considerable success—

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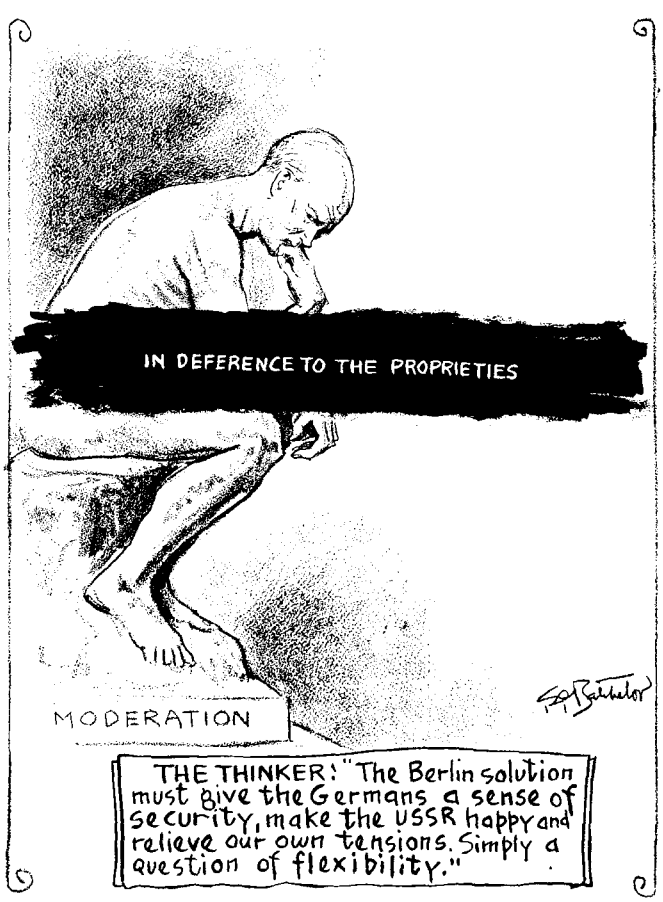
to persuade Western public opinion that anti-Semitism and Nazism are resurgent in West Germany.

As the Kremlin sees it, England and the United States are at present the weak joints in the Western armor: England, because the British Left and a section of the Right have always been fiercely anti-German, because German competition and the Common Market are in truth troublesome to the British economy, and because England has traditionally acted to prevent any one nation from becoming dominant in Western Europe; the United States, because of the public spread of a soft mood, ripe for appeasement, and the presence of a President who seems settled into a "war is unthinkable," "peace at any price," mould.

Consequently, it is—as the Marxists say—"no accident" that the secretary of the British Party was the spokesman selected to announce the new doctrine, which sounds startling on first hearing, but will dull with repetition: that Adenauer's militarism is *"even more menacing"*—more, mind you—than Hitler's. And it was no accident that a trip to the United States was the launching pad for Khrushchev's Summit travels.

Nor is it an accident, on the other side, that Konrad Adenauer, in despite of age, domestic troubles and recent illness, has made a visit to America and to the White House his own prime preparation for, and against, the approaching Summit. Adenauer knows what the Kremlin's objective is, and knows that only absolute American firmness can counter the multi-pronged Soviet operation against Germany. He has not been sure that he can count on that firmness from the head of the American government. Nor can he go home feeling quite as "highly satisfied" as the newspaper headlines announced, at what he has learned from his mission. The abstract and noncommittal wording of the joint communiqué issued after the Eisenhower-Adenauer meeting, with its ambiguous reference to "any future [Berlin] agreement," virtually conceding Khrushchev's right to denounce the existing agreement, shows only that the President has not yet made up his mind. With less than two months to go before Summit day, he hasn't much time left.


IN DEFERENCE TO THE PROPRIETIES
MODERATION
THE THINKER: "The Berlin solution must give the Germans a sense of security, make the USSR happy and relieve our own tensions. Simply a question of flexibility."

Hoffa Report

Madison Square Garden, New York, March 14—For 90 long minutes Jimmy Hoffa stood before 8,000 Teamsters and told them his troubles. The Landrum-Griffin Act is a slave-labor law. George Meany and Walter Reuther are deserting the working class. The journalists (he pointed to them sitting in the front row) are prostitutes to the capitalist monolith. The Teamsters are the laboring man's last hope in a parasitic world. He would discharge that awesome trust by spending $40 million of their money to defeat Senator John Kennedy this fall.

They applauded wildly—the 8,000—but there was a tinge of desperation about their clamor. There are almost 200,000 Teamsters members in the New York area, not counting their families, which were also invited. A lousy 8,000 people is hardly what Jimmy Hoffa had in mind for his momentous rank-and-file reception. They rattled around in Madison Square Garden. And they twitched even before Hoffa began to speak, while the sad vaudeville troupe that sought to divert them for two hours while they waited for their leader performed—the jugglers, crooners, dancers, acrobats, musicians.

Hoffa was a disappointment. He brought none of that charismatic aura we have come to expect from authentic Bigtimers. He is a squat, ordinary, pasty-faced, paunchy and dissipated thug. His lackluster litany rang across the empty rows like the lame libretto of a comic opera—"reactionary press," "labor-haters," "Gestapo." The seventy stolid policemen stationed at the exits were ludicrously superfluous—only the zealous and the ignorant could credit the gargantuan impostures of a labor leader who votes Republican and tells newspapermen he may have to support Orval Faubus against John McClellan in Arkansas' Senate race. McClellan, Kennedy and

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all the rest of Hoffa's enemies will reap their popular reward from his animus.

Jimmy Hoffa had come 14,000 miles since January on his tawdry odyssey of hate. This was to be the spectacular climax, and they were walking out on him the last half hour. I hate to chance a stray hope, but America may be winning, after all. J. L.

Distinguamus

A sharp distinction must be made in evaluating the activity of the young Negroes-on-the-march in the South. The first is that private property remains private, the Supreme Court not having ruled recently to the contrary; and that therefore a Negro does not have the right to enter a privately owned restaurant whose proprietors choose, for whatever reasons, to bar access to it to non-whites. The second is that the boycott the Negroes have instituted against business concerns which discriminate against Negroes in one quarter of their operations is a wholly defensible—we go so far as to say wholly commendable—form of protest; it is a form of social assertiveness which we must understand, and can sympathize with.

The white conservative has never said that in the South the forms will never change. He has fought against a disruption of the premises of Southern life by egalitarian statists who are given to deciding what the Constitution means after locking themselves into a quiet room and communing with Ideology. He has maintained that it is up to the state to decide whether its schools shall or shall not be segregated; and now he maintains that it is a right guaranteed to an American entrepreneur to refuse to do business with whomever he likes—a right recently affirmed, incidentally, by the Supreme Court, in cases arising out of disputes in Virginia and Delaware. Those who wish the Negroes well must not in their fervor sweep American institutions under the carpet or, by inventionistic legal argumentation, change their meaning. *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* as we have said repeatedly, was bad law and bad sociology; the danger now is that, inflamed by it, the ideologues will move to egg on the trespassers who are violating the right of the individual citizen, however unwisely it may be being exercised, to set the rules in his own house.

And by another token: let those of us who speak so often of "organic growth" prove we mean something by it. If the Negro decides not to patronize a local department store which refuses to sell him lunch, heaven knows that is his right: and if in exercising it he imposes economic pressures upon the managers of that store to which they will give way, we have by objective test a form of segregation which, when all is said and done, the community views as expendable. Thus segregation in the buses of Montgomery, Alabama, was judged expendable when the community declined to finance a separate bus system.

The white man's claims in the South to political and social pre-eminence rest on economic and cultural advantages which are indisputably his. His also is the right to associate with whom he pleases. But he cannot expect Negroes to be unassertive. We frown on any effort of the Negroes to attain social equality by bending the instrument of the state to their purposes. But we applaud the efforts to define their rights by the lawful and non-violent use of social and economic sanctions which they choose freely to exert, and to which those against whom they are exerted are free to respond, or not, depending on what is in balance. That way is legitimate, organic progress.

Notes and Asides

The flood of mail in response to our recent fund appeal has been such that our already overworked secretarial staff (both of it) is losing ground, fast. In addition to pledges and checks, we have received letters from well-wishers who would like to contribute but can't this year, from certain readers who ask if a small check would be acceptable (it would be gratefully received), or from those who have suggestions to make. Every letter will be answered, and in due course we will know, and will let you know, whether the drive has been successful. Please bear with us over the delays.

A waiter at a restaurant approached us the other day and by the simplest inversion of a common criticism, brightened our day as few people ever have. We are sensitive to the criticism that NATIONAL REVIEW is hard to read, that it uses too many long words, too many difficult constructions. Those criticisms were levelled with great frequency in the early years, but in time they thinned out—whether because of our obduracy or our compliance bears on the point of the story. For the past year or two we have heard that NATIONAL REVIEW has become so much more readable "now that you have cut down on the use of complex words and sentences," etc. On hearing this, we have smiled inwardly, and nodded our heads solemnly. But the gentleman the other night reversed it: I am so glad, he said, that NATIONAL REVIEW has maintained its standards. The first two years I had to struggle. I don't any more—by learning again to concentrate, by increasing my knowledge of words, I go through it easily, and with great pleasure.

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In This Issue

. . . we feature the latest episode in the engrossing adventures of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr., and make public an episode involving a former member of his staff, who visited our office a year ago, with an itch in his palm and the look of Cain in his eye. . . . PROFESSOR SYLVESTER PETRO of the New York University Law School subjects what he insists on calling the *Kennedy*-Landrum-Griffin Bill to scrutiny, and concludes sadly that we were, in most important respects, better off under Taft-Hartley properly enforced than under the new law. Professor Petro is author of *Power Unlimited*. . . . COLM BROGAN (who, by the way, is the brother of the English historian, Professor D. W. Brogan) informs us of the latest duty of Englishmen: to hate McCarthy rabidly. The book reviewers are finding it eminently easy to perform their duty, the way having been eased for them by the publication of Mr. Richard Rovere's inspiriting defamation. . . . PRISCILLA BUCKLEY and ALOISE HEATH are back from a trip to the Near East and share with us some of its hilarity, and some of what they observed in Nasser's Egypt.

RUSSELL KIRK, by the way, will lecture on Monday, April 11 at 8:00 p.m. at the New School (66 West 12th Street, New York City) on "Life without principle: the boredom of an 'amoral' society." On Monday, May 7, at the same hour, he will speak on "Poverty, charity and justice: a civil social order lacking variety." These are the concluding lectures of his popular one-a-month series on "Prospects for Conservatives."

HUGH KENNER, critic, philosopher, yachtsman, chairman of the Department of English at University of Toronto, most recently authored a study of T. S. Eliot (*The Invisible Poet*). . . . C. R. MORSE, whose previous range in NATIONAL REVIEW has spread from art to science fiction, is himself a painter as well as poet and critic. . . . RALPH DE TOLEDANO inaugurates a regular column (once every other time) on records. His knowledge of music is extensive, and his power to verbalize what he hears practically unequalled by contemporary critics. In the next issue of the magazine we will review his bright and important new book, *Lament for a Generation*.

Happy reading.

National Trends

Stand-Off in New Hampshire

L. BRENT BOZELL

The New Hampshire primary proved nothing at all about the relative "popularity" of Nixon and Kennedy. Contrary to the mumbo-jumbo that has appeared in some of the daily papers, we are still very much in the dark as to how they might fare against each other in terms of personal appeal to uncommitted or "independent" voters. This is nearly always the case with uncontested primaries: unless cross-voting is permitted (as in Wisconsin) or cross-filing (as in California), such primaries are a test of *organizational* prowess. They show 1) how strong the candidate is with his party organization, and 2) how strong the organization is. So judged, *both* Kennedy and Nixon "won" in the New Hampshire primary — impressively.

For his part, the Vice President's showing confirmed the view so often advanced by his partisans that his strength with the Republican organization is more than a matter of "contacts" and the usual deference to the party leader. Nixon is *liked* by the people who make up the organization—the precinct workers as well as the top leaders. They work for him enthusiastically, and the result is that they "get the vote." Indeed, New Hampshire put a sturdy leg on the hypothesis that Nixon now has a greater pull with party workers than Dwight Eisenhower ever did. There seems to be no other way of accounting for the fact that Nixon corralled 65,000 votes, as against Eisenhower's 56,000 in the 1956 primary—and that he did so without appearing personally in the state.

To a certain extent, according to New Hampshire observers, the get-out-the-Nixon vote campaign was aided by Nelson Rockefeller's abortive entry into the race last fall. The head of steam built up in the Nixon camp, while Rockefeller was regarded as a candidate, never quite wore off. And, ironically, the attempt by die-hard Rockefellerites to get write-in votes for their man aided Nixon by helping to keep organizational morale at battle pitch.

The Bridges Organization

Then, too, Nixon's vote reflected the better-than-average proficiency of the GOP's state organization. The organization, though it was ostensibly captained by Gov. Wesley Powell, is largely a Styles Bridges organization; and it had proved its mettle before. The "spontaneous" Nixon write-in vote in 1956 was, for example, much more of a tribute to the power of Senator Bridges than to the popularity of the Vice President. This time the organization was again operating in high gear.

It would be a mistake, however, to attribute Nixon's showing solely to

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the efficiency of the state organization. The vote total was too large for that. Or to suppose that the answer was the organization plus Nixon's traditional appeal to conservatives. The vote was also too large for that. There is in New Hampshire, as in most other places, a substantial number of Republicans who regard their views as "liberal" or "moderate" or "modern" or what have you (witness Eisenhower's smashing victory over Taft in 1952); and many of these, apparently, bestirred themselves to go out and vote for Nixon in a primary.

The reconstructed Nixon was thus plausible and attractive to those who prefer him reconstructed, just as the unreconstructed Nixon proved popular with those who still see him in the old image. And this was Nixon's remarkable accomplishment: that he managed to persuade liberal Republicans that his recent actions and words mean something, while convincing conservative Republicans that they are tactical window-dressing.

Both Sides of the Street

I feel sure, moreover, that the New Hampshire returns are merely evidence of a nationwide accomplishment. I have traveled through many states in recent weeks and I find everywhere testimony to Nixon's success in working both sides of the street. Professed modern Republicans are satisfied with Nixon's liberalism, indeed, deem him a more reliable spokesman for their kind than they once supposed Rockefeller to be. Yet conservative Republicans—party regulars with a right-wing ideological bent—show not the slightest tendency to rebel. Organization people who are *for* the loyalty oath, *for* the Connally Reservation, *for* resuming nuclear tests, *for* giving Khrushchev the back of their hand, *for* voluntary unionism, and for all of the other things Nixon has said he is against—such people simply cannot be reached by Nixon's spoken word. When made to listen, they argue that Nixon is bound to conform to Administration policy. This is not the place to dispute that thesis. It is the place, however, to record that it is irrefragable. . . . Several months ago I predicted to friends that Nixon would not be able to have it both ways—at least not forever; that his attempt to have it so was bound to disenthrall indispensable party regulars and would thus provide the fatal flaw to his candidacy. All of today's evidence suggests that this analysis was dead wrong.

Kennedy's Strength

Senator Kennedy's accomplishment—and it, too, was notable—was that he got out a large portion of the Democratic vote. This is something that Democratic candidates in past Presidential primaries have been conspicuously unable to do. Much has been written of the fact that the Republicans normally out-poll the Democrats in a New Hampshire primary by two or three to one, and that Kennedy cut down the ratio to something like three to two. These figures are impressive from Kennedy's standpoint, but they should not be made to prove too much. They do not, that is to say, demonstrate a shift, in the Democrats' favor, of the balance of power in the state. Kennedy's 41 per cent of the vote is, roughly, what any Democratic Presidential candidate can expect to receive in a New Hampshire general election. True, Stevenson against Eisenhower in 1956 got only 33 per cent of the vote; but in 1952 he got 40 per cent, and in 1948 Truman got 47 per cent against Dewey and Wallace. In the three preceding elections, the Democrats, with Roosevelt, carried the state.

In recent years the Democrats have not been able to turn out a primary vote that faithfully reflects the party's real strength. What Kennedy did was to change *that* record; and the way he changed it lends credibility to the claim that he is the best horse the Democrats can hope to field against the Vice President.

There are two factors, let us note first, that make it difficult to generalize about Kennedy's strength from the New Hampshire returns. One is his conceded popularity with New Englanders. Kennedy's name is not only more familiar there than elsewhere; he has also made it a point throughout his Senate career to play the role of "spokesman" for New England's sectional interests. The other factor is religion. Kennedy's Catholicism might hurt him elsewhere, but in New Hampshire it was likely, if anything, to help. The state's Democratic organization has been plagued for some time with factionalism, much of it rooted in differences between Irish and French Canadian elements. The Catholic issue provided an amalgam for the rival groups and gave the party a degree of unity it had not had for years.

Kennedy's most important asset, however, was his personal organization; and this factor *does* have implications beyond New Hampshire. The Senator's family, friends, camp-following professionals, paid party workers—these constituted a campaign army that complemented the regular party organization, and one that gives promise of similar operations in other states.

Personal organization has always been integral to the Kennedy *modus operandi*. In all of his Massachusetts campaigns, the regular Democratic organization played a secondary role to Kennedy's personal team. Indeed, until the battle for delegation control preceding the 1956 national convention, Kennedy was content to leave control of the Massachusetts organization in other hands. By concentrating on their own organization, the Kennedy forces have developed the skills and experience, as well as the personnel, that give the Senator a whopping lead in organizational terms over all of his Democratic Presidential rivals.

The sudden consensus among political observers that the Senator now has a good chance for an early victory in Los Angeles is due not so much to Kennedy's slightly improved showing on the Gallup Poll as to the hard evidence throughout the nation of shrewd, thorough, highly professional activity on the part of Kennedy's private troops. New Hampshire added considerably to that body of evidence. Democratic leaders must now take account of the presumption that if Kennedy's organization is able to turn out more than the average vote in a primary, it will be able to do the same thing in a general election.

New Hampshire, then, was a standoff. Nixon and Kennedy both registered an organizational triumph, so that neither man can claim the primary as a harbinger of victory in November, and each can enter a persuasive claim to being his party's strongest possible standard-bearer.

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Special Report

The Grin and The Outstretched Arms

VOYEUR

São Paulo, Brazil

As the President's jet aircraft screamed north toward Puerto Rico, as the Coxey's army of newshawks filed their last rush copy, as the cruisers and helicopters and Flying Boxcars began loading the tons of special equipment used on the Presidential visit, those of us who had seen Ike come, smile and depart sighed in relief and felt a patriotic glow over the applauding multitudes who had greeted him.

As a logistical exercise, the President's South American visit was impressive: the cruiser *Macon* had stood by in Buenos Aires and Montevideo; the helicopter tender *Plymouth Rock* had brought a dozen big Marine whirlybirds to circle over the motorcade routes; two Presidential Lincolns had been airlifted from Washington to serve him at each stop; at least six multi-engined aircraft had carried 70 tons of communications equipment to South America, and some two hundred representatives of the press had made the junket. In Brasilia the red carpet was rolled the wrong way, piling up against the foot of the airplane ramp as the President was descending, and the moment was saved by a quick saber slash from an alert Brazilian guard; in Santiago, Buenos Aires and Montevideo students and *Peronistas* shouted against the President's visit, but these were trivial incidents compared to the eager warmth with which our President was greeted by our Latin neighbors. Ike's smile, his prizefighter gestures, the serious pitch of his voice—all supported the picture-symbol of America that Latins have come to know and expect.

But as life in post-Ike South America returned to normalcy, some of those who had seen the Roman spectacle wondered exactly what, if anything, had been accomplished. Was Ike once more, as Richard Rovere feels, diminishing the prestige of his high, almost mystical, office? Or had his presence helped cement Latin thought and loyalties to the United States? Exactly what had the U.S. taxpayer got from the estimated $1,600,000 expenditure?

Said—and Not Said

In his many speeches Ike said little that was new. We want to be friends with you, he said wherever he went, and his image lent substance to his words. We want to help you achieve economic self-sufficiency as well, even though the U.S. citizen is suffering unbearable tax burdens. He even suggested that U.S. private capital was ready to do its share in developing Latin America. But when the Mayor of São Paulo called for unlimited dollar aid to Brazil, Ike only smiled: he might have replied that stringent Brazilian restrictions on dollar remittances and expropriation of U.S. property in Brazil were hardly creating a climate attractive to private investment.

In a chat with Embassy personnel in Montevideo Ike told them that because each was an American ambassador the conduct of every employee should be above reproach, adding that he would ask those of his friends who were presidents of large corporations doing foreign business to see that their employees abroad toed the same line. Four-square Gospel delivered with Kansas earnestness, we cynics thought, and scanned the papers even closer to find some trace of the statesmanship in which our President has been so notably deficient.

What Ike said in South America is far less important than what he failed to say. Of course Chris Herter and Roy Rubottom were along, and State would shiver if the President really got to the bottom of things. Not that "tough talk" was needed; just a little realism would have done. Instead of joining with Kubitschek in a statement calling for a "hemispheric crusade for economic development"—a resonant but meaningless phrase unless our Treasury opens its till even further—Ike might have said something like this: "Your country is a vast and fertile land, part of it even yet unexplored. To raise the standard of living of your people I suggest that you raise the banner of individual enterprise and hard work, turning your back forever on the Marxian concept of State-controlled enterprise. Permit a profit motive and you will find that roads are built, that food is raised to feed your undernourished population, that oil and mineral wealth will be tapped, and that factories will rise in what is today only steaming jungle. But I would be less than candid if I did not point out that such a program already has its built-in opposition. The Brazilian Communist Party is the largest in South America, and you may be certain that it is not interested in a higher standard of living for your people. You must prevent Communism's taking an ever-increasing role in labor affairs; you must prevent the automatic pro-Communist indoctrination of your engineering, law and architecture students in your schools and universities. In short, plug the hole in your boat before you begin to row."

The Camp David Act?

He could have said the same with variations in Chile, Argentine and Uruguay, pointing out the active dangers of the latter two countries playing host to large Soviet "diplomatic" missions. But never once did Ike define the worldwide danger. Perhaps he, unlike Khrushchev, is still playing Camp David straight. For at no time did our President name the Soviet Union as the focal point of world unrest, nor did he seize the student-chanted charge of "imperialism" and nail it on the USSR. These failures disappointed our Latin friends and cheered our enemies.

But the President was visibly aging. Doubtless he would rather go down in South American history as the friendly paternal image so well known in the Northern Hemisphere, rather than as a troublesome international Socrates, asking embarrassing questions and calling attention to faults.

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Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin: Antidote, Aspirin or Arsenic?

A law professor at New York University surveys the new labor law. We'd have been better off without it, he says. This is a step back

SYLVESTER PETRO

It has been hailed as a great victory for conservatives. Yet the Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin (K-L-G) Law fails to remove existing shortcomings in labor relations or to alleviate even the more glaring defects in labor legislation. Moreover, it increases fundamental errors in existing governmental policy in labor relations, and can therefore be expected in the long run to make conditions worse even than they are now. I believe that the country has been taken for a ride.

Most people are referring to the new law as the Landrum-Griffin Law. But this is an error. The Landrum-Griffin bill passed by the House of Representatives differs in many important ways from the bill which emerged from the conference committee of the House and the Senate. The changes made in that conference, all for the worse, comprise, for the most part, the subject-matter of this article. And those changes, in the opinion of well-informed persons, were made at the suggestion and insistence primarily of Senator Kennedy and his legal advisers, principally Professor Archibald Cox of the Harvard Law School. Thus it seems proper to call it the Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin Law.

The fundamental defects of existing labor policy are hidden from the casual observer, but they can be stated very simply. We are suffering from too much government of the wrong kind, and too little of the right kind. In the United States, government, particularly the federal government, has given trade unions very special privileges. At the same time, it has failed to enforce those basic laws which are designed to prevent individuals and special groups from abusing other persons and groups. The result of this failure is a threat to the freedom and well-being of our society, the threat the large trade unions nowadays pose.

The laws of this country, state and federal, have given trade unions privileges of a compulsive and coercive kind. Picketing and secondary boycotts are weapons of economic coercion, sometimes used in order to gain from employers economic concessions which would not otherwise be forthcoming, but more often to impose membership upon unwilling employees. Although current law to some extent restricts their use, there remains under K-L-G considerable license to practice these restraints upon individual and economic freedom.

Special Privileges for Unions

It is legal in most states, and as a practical matter legal in almost all states, for unions to force employers to agree to closed-shop and union-shop contracts as a condition of employment. K-L-G secures the right of unions to exercise these restraints.

By the use of the majority-rule principle, unions have the privilege of putting themselves forward as exclusive bargaining representatives even for unwilling employees. Under this principle, a bare majority of employees casting their ballots in favor of union representation thenceforward govern the economic lives of all the employees in the unit. The minority are denied the right to make their own employment contracts. I know of no more arbitrary and destructive majority principle than this in a society in which it is generally conceded that freedom is defined by the freedom given to the minority. The exclusive bargaining principle is a special privilege which unions alone, in the economic life of this society, enjoy. K-L-G accepts and in a sense strengthens an unacceptable principle.

Under existing policy and law, unions are accorded numerous other special privileges, but the others are comparatively insignificant. The worst feature of government policy, however, is its failure to enforce the basic laws, implied and explicit, of any free society against labor union aggression.

Violence is a common feature of strikes and organizational union activity in this country. Consider the Albert Lea (Minnesota) situation, where—until the courts intervened—Governor Orville Freeman closed a plant because a union was resorting to violence against workers who were crossing its pickets in order to go to work. There government was used in support of criminal conduct, pure and simple. This kind of privileged crime can only be coped with when we take the honest and courageous step of prohibiting all mass picketing, by applying existing laws against coercive picketing. K-L-G has nothing to say on this score.

Unions have acquired a virtual immunity from many of the current prohibitions against economic coercion by exploiting the so-called pre-emption doctrine. The pre-emption doctrine, a contribution of the Supreme Court, holds that inasmuch as Congress has enacted labor relations legislation, the states no longer have the power to regulate labor relations within their own boundaries, except

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where an employer's activities have no bearing on interstate commerce. Since almost all labor disputes can be held to affect interstate commerce (it has even been held that elevator operators are subject to federal laws governing interstate commerce), pre-emption has come to mean that the states have, in effect, no critical role to play in labor relations. The National Labor Relations Board is simply unable to provide relief in all the cases where it is needed. And even in the cases in which it has been disposed to act, the relief it affords is too little, and comes too late. K-L-G does make a slight change here—but the net effect of the new law even here hurts rather than helps.

Anti-Injunction Laws

Unions also enjoy a singular immunity through the operation of the anti-injunction laws which make it almost impossible for persons seriously injured by unlawful union conduct to secure the immediate injunctive relief which is in many cases the only relief that is of any use at all.

From these privileges and immunities have grown the following evils:

1. The great, monopolistic power of the large industry-wide unions.

2. Inflated wage costs, which lead to inflationary government policies, designed to chase away the unemployment which unions produce by exercising their monopolistic powers to extort wage increases beyond those a free market would justify.

3. Abuses against the individual, of the kind revealed by the McClellan Committee investigation.

K-L-G makes a few ineffectual passes at a couple of these basic evils, but it does not even hint at the existence of most of them; and, canceling out even its ineffective passes, it changes for the worse some of the good features of the Taft-Hartley Act.

It devotes a great deal of complicated language to the subject of picketing and boycotts. However, the picketing and boycotts with which K-L-G deals were in every case already fully prohibited under the Taft-Hartley Law properly interpreted. Some were in fact being prohibited by the NLRB before K-L-G was passed. On the other hand, some coercive boycotts which the Board had held not to be unlawful—although Taft-Hartley, properly read, clearly says they are—K-L-G has left untouched. A possible result of the law, therefore, is that these forms of union activity may now be presumed to be lawful.

Stranger-Picketing

As regards stranger-picketing (picketing by a union which does not represent the employees of a plant), K-L-G has contributed very little to existing law. Before the law was passed, the NLRB had already held that recognition picketing was unlawful in some circumstances, and there was every reason to believe that it would have gone on to hold such picketing unlawful in practically all circumstances. But while K-L-G added very little when viewed in the light of these recent NLRB developments, it did do some substantial subtracting. In the first place, it gives unions the right to engage in stranger-picketing of non-union firms for 29 days provided no election has been conducted during the preceding twelve months. But if stranger-picketing is coercive, as it is generally conceded to be, it is wrong to subject the picketed employer and non-union employees to that coercion for even one day—let alone 29. K-L-G specifically outlaws stranger-picketing under stated circumstances, thus tacitly permitting it in others. Thus in this case stranger-picketing not specifically outlawed must be presumed to be lawful: for example, picketing allegedly aimed at publicizing substandard working conditions.

Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin adds stranger-picketing to the union activities against which the NLRB must seek injunctive relief. This is a step in the right direction. But like so many features in the new law, it is weakened by a provision which invites and even encourages delaying tactics. It does this by providing that if the picketing union charges that the employer seeking relief is dominating a company union, the board must put off seeking injunctive relief against the picketing until the domination charge has been investigated, and found unjustified. By that time the race has been run.

Consider how a union can avail itself of these loopholes. Union A pickets Enterprise B with signs declaring that the sole purpose of the picketing is to publicize Enterprise B's substandard working conditions. The picket might cause great harm to the employer. Yet for 29 days the picketing is sacrosanct, by express guarantee of K-L-G; and the 29-day period may be indefinitely extended, by charging that the employer is guilty of dominating a company union; or by contending that picketing aimed only at advertising substandard wages and working conditions, since it is not prohibited by K-L-G, was tacitly intended by that law to be immune. That is the kind of thing laws as vague as K-L-G end up doing.

Secondary Boycotts

In regard to secondary boycotts, K-L-G does close some of the loopholes which the NLRB had succeeded in drilling in the Taft-Hartley Act. But here again the new law, by specifically outlawing some explicitly considered types of boycotts, raises the presumption that other kinds are privileged.

Much attention has been given to K-L-G's prohibition of hot-cargo contracts (the refusal of one union to traffic in goods manufactured by an enterprise engaged in a dispute with another union). This prohibition loses most of its significance once one realizes that the NLRB, with the approval of the Supreme Court, had already held, more than a year before the new law was passed, that practically any union conduct based on a hot cargo contract violated the Taft-Hartley Act.

K-L-G seems to close the loophole which holds a union privileged to impose secondary boycotts by inducing individuals to cease work. Again, however, corrections had already been made a year before K-L-G was passed, and there is reason to believe that all the significant features of this problem would have been solved simply by faithfully interpreting the Taft-Hartley Act, while, for technical reasons too complex for full treatment here, it may well be that K-L-G will fail to do the job.

While dealing in awesome detail and complexity with these relatively picayune problems, the new law failed completely and deliberately to close one of the more significant Taft-

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Hartley loopholes, which has been growing year by year. I refer to the so-called "allies" doctrine. This doctrine holds that a union may put boycott pressure on any secondary employer whose production is integrated with the production of a primary employer, or who takes over struck work from a primary employer. Faithfully construed, the Taft-Hartley Act prohibits all such boycotts. Prohibition of secondary boycotts would certainly appear to be equitable. The same rule applies to unions as to employers. When employees go on strike, they have a right to seek employment anywhere they wish. No employer who is being struck may, under the law, induce other employers to deny employment to the strikers. This being so, it would appear only fair to prevent unions from exerting pressure to keep struck plants from marketing their goods. In tacitly endorsing the "allies" doctrine, as it does by its silence on the subject, K-L-G failed to close an important Taft-Hartley loophole.

Going still further, K-L-G expressly gives to the unions in the garment and construction industries special privileges which no enlightened conception of policy can condone. The building trades unions are permitted to boycott any product or any nonunion subcontractor by insisting in agreements with builders that all work be done by contractors and subcontractors who have met with union approval. These unions are also privileged to enter into collective agreements before anyone has been hired —and to require union membership as a condition of employment within seven days of hire. Where the garment trades are concerned, a labyrinthine proviso seems to say that *anything* goes in the way of secondary boycotts.

Bad on All Counts

K-L-G reverses one of the healthiest and most significant principles of the Taft-Hartley Act. This was the declaration that permanently replaced strikers were not eligible to vote in future representation elections in the units in which they were no longer employed. This Taft-Hartley principle has now been changed, and replaced strikers have a right for a year after the strike has been called to vote in any representation election which may be held by their erstwhile employers.

On the whole, in terms of both what it does and what it leaves undone, K-L-G is bad legislation. It would be a relief to say that it is bad only in the respects I have here described and it would be reassuring to be able to say that others of its features hold out some promise of improved labor relations. But there is no encouragement to be found in the law.

K-L-G's reporting requirements, the regulations covering internal union affairs, and the special burden put on employers and labor relations consultants increase significantly the role of government in workaday business offices. And we need more government-in-business about as much as we need more bureaucracy-in-government.

By dealing at length and in detail with the internal affairs of unions, K-L-G establishes the principle of federal supervision of private associations. This is in itself undesirable. But when one realizes that K-L-G fails to enact the measure without which no amount of regulation of the internal affairs of unions will do any good, that regulation appears to be not only undesirable, but futile. Unions have managed to dominate their members by coercion. The typical union has controlled the minority membership by economic and physical coercion. The Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin elaborate bill of rights will do no good; such rights already belong formally to all union members; all union constitutions are already "democratic." The problem has always been one of lending genuine protection to union members in the exercise of these formal rights. K-L-G could have solved the problem by abolishing all forms of compulsory unionism and by seeing to it that appropriate machinery for the enforcement of employee rights were made available. As to the first of these, it has failed completely. As to the second, it has done very little.

As to the reporting requirements, I am convinced that they amount to a fake. They will cost much and accomplish little. Considerable effort will be required. Huge quantities of paper and ink will be used up. The vast files of the federal government will become vaster. We now have an additional 550 new bureaucrats manning the "Bureau of Labor Management Reports." I doubt that anything else will come as a result of these reporting requirements.

We come to the most significant criticism of K-L-G: what the law has left undone. I have stated that correction of the present evils in labor relations involves two reforms: on the one hand, removal of the special privileges given to trade unions by present law; on the other, enforcement of the basic laws of the land against union violence and coercion. Correction would call for a clean-cut general prohibition of all union coercion, written clearly, briefly and simply in the law, with no exceptions and no special privileges for any unions. And, second, a juridical structure which would insure the enforcement of that unqualified policy. Such a structure would mean the abolition of the NLRB, repeal of the Norris-LaGuardia Act, and congressional overruling of the Supreme Court's pre-emption doctrine. These measures would insure to persons injured by unlawful union conduct the speedy relief which courts alone have the power to give.

K-L-G not only fails to provide such measures, but tends to compound existing evils. It does provide some help for those relatively few employers who are so small as not to fall within the NLRB's jurisdictional standards—by giving them access to state courts. But this is a long, long way from the goal: to provide immediate access to the courts and an effective remedy for *everyone* who has been harmed. K-L-G is on balance really a step in the other direction. By carving out a small exception from the general pre-emption rule, the law tends to constitute an endorsement of the general rule. It can be regarded, and probably will be regarded, as placing a congressional stamp of approval upon a doctrine which finds no basis in the Constitution of the United States and which, on the contrary, radically revises the relationships between state and federal power. The Kennedy-Landrum-Griffin Bill is, in my opinion, poison.

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Letter from Egypt

Being personal and political observations (sacred and profane) of Nasser's Egypt, by a pair of perambulatory NR editors

We enjoyed our stay in Egypt not only for the can-I-touch-it state of mind induced by daily contact with robed and turbaned gentlemen who wouldn't be caught dead on a camel if they could afford a Chevrolet, and by ladies who remain sternly veiled as they disrobe, launder and bathe in the shallows of the Nile; but also because there is an insouciant gaiety and friendliness, a sort of lighthearted iconoclasm among the people we have met, which is irresistibly attractive. A people who laugh must be extraordinarily difficult to regiment.

Ask an experienced Western newspaperman what is going on in Egypt and, if he is honest (and if he knows you well enough) he will admit that he doesn't know. There are physical indications of change for any one to see. Angular stucco-covered schools going up in the little villages, at least along the tourist trail from Cairo to Giza to Sakkara to Memphis. Big hospitals, lanky apartment buildings, modern but not modernistic, from the lower windows of which the family wash drapes as workmen put up stories seven, eight and nine.

The Gezira Sports Club on an island in the Nile in Cairo, where British cavalry officers played polo in the afternoon and the European elite gathered over tea and drinks, has shrunk since "the events" (the polite phrase for the Suez war). Its eighteen holes of golf have dwindled to ten or eleven, the fringes of the property are being whittled away to make room for "more important projects." Today the elite (the new elite) meets at the luxurious military police club on the outskirts of the city, which boasts of a real French chef and serves the best food in Cairo. The swank of the M.P. club symbolizes the dominance of the new rulers of Nasser's Egypt, the military and its concomitant, the police.

From the press there is little to learn. The English and French language papers (and the Arabic as well, we presume) have the trademark of the press of any strongman country. Everywhere adulation of "the Leader." "The President was greeted with cries of joy and hosannahs as he laid the cornerstone. . .," ". . . a young Syrian embraces Abdel Nasser as he . . . ," "Flags and triumphal arches decorate the streets of Hama as. . . ." These cover page one. And much of pages two, three and four is filled with statements by the Leader and his aides. And these, too, are patterned. Hate of Israel. Support of the Algerian rebels. And ritualistic incantations against the "imperialists" and "imperialism." Why are there so few miles of rail in NR (the Northern Region—Syria to us)? Because the imperialists could thus maintain themselves in power more easily against the growing desire for independence of the people. Why are so many Egyptians in rags and hungry? Because the imperialists willed it. Why is anything wrong with anyone, anywhere, at any time in all of Egypt and Syria? Ask the imperialist; he's responsible.

The morning after an impassioned and public battle in the lobby of Cairo's Nile-Hilton Hotel, over rooms paid for by ourselves in November but occupied by others on the night of our arrival, the hotel manager, who by then was bowed and only just unbloody, passed us our room keys, gathered in our passports and handed out the customary ticket for a complimentary "Zir" in the Hilton cocktail lounge, wrapped throughout the formalities in a bitter and moody silence. Suddenly a grin split his dark face and he rapidly dealt each of us two more "Zir" tickets. "Next time I give you *first* the Zir, *after* the bad news," he said. We laughed, but we're still mad, which is the reason we can't tell you *exactly* what a Zir is. We have saved all twelve tickets for a future traveler to Egypt who will swear to use them all, personally, at one sitting. Apply % NATIONAL REVIEW. Noisy-type drunk preferred.

Of the Soviet Union there is some mention in the press. Factual accounts of new loans, arrival of technical delegations, continuing stories on the Aswan Dam. But no repetitious condemnation of Communism to parallel the daily attacks on capitalist imperialism. And yet the formal apparatus of the Egyptian and Syrian Communist parties has been smashed by Nasser; most of the Communist leaders are in jail or in exile. Some say there is a large underground ready to strike; others deny this. But to get the facts from official quarters is impossible.

An American correspondent long in Cairo tried some time ago to write a story on a big new government-built hospital, which the regime wanted to publicize, and his conversation with the Egyptian official in charge went something like this:

Q. How many beds will the hospital have?

A. Very many sir, very many indeed.

Q. But how many, approximately? Fifty, one hundred, two hundred?

A. As many as will be needed.

Q. When did you say it would be completed?

A. Very soon, sir.

Q. You mean this month, next month, in the summer, or when?

A. I cannot say exactly, but very soon.

Q. I understand there has been a tremendous need for a hospital here. Why is it that it is only now that the government has started to build one?

A. Because of [with a smile] the imperialists.

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Yesterday, at the hairdresser, we were implored to bear the blister-inducing "Extra Hot" to which the driers were turned "little, *little* more long." The chief "coiffeur," who looked almost old enough to vote, wanted to shut up shop early so he could get to the Business License Bureau before it closed. Ten months ago, it seems, he had applied for a license to move his salon to its present location, across the street from the dingy little room where he had begun his business career. Shops are scarce in Cairo and "as is well-known," the boy shrugged, "takes but few hours to lose lease, yet many months to procure license," so the rent for the new shop, the gift to the janitor who had told him the new shop was for rent, the fee for a license to move and the bribe to the clerk at the government bureau had all to be paid simultaneously.

"Difficult for businessman so young," he explained gravely. In his case, however, the difficulties had been even further multiplied. The clerk he had bribed to a) push through his license to move and b) overlook his move without a license, had retired from government service a day later and had been placed on the bureau's substitute list. After all the months, he was back at his old post for just this afternoon, so "if meet with him today, can have license for same 25 pounds already paid; if no, must pay new clerk more 25 pounds before he find me," our coiffeur pointed out. Then, very solemnly: "Ladies, advise. Should I tell Abdel Nasser he should make License Bureau apply for license to receive bribe to give license?" he asked, collapsing into the raucous, uncontrollable laughter any 19-year-old boy accords to his own wit.

What is one to do with a country like Egypt where the entire population clusters along the narrow strip of green that borders the Nile from the Delta to the Sudan, cultivating that 3.5 per cent of the land which is not desert, swamp or barren mountain. (Egypt today has little more arable land than she had in 1500 B.C. when mighty Thutmos III ruled the Near East.)

Today's *fellaheen*, millions of him, lives much as his ancestor did in the days of the Pharaohs: he plows with

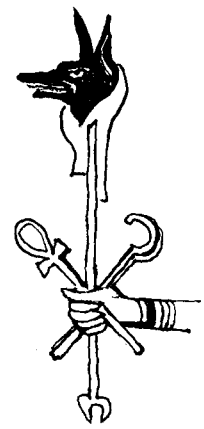
the same plow; irrigates his field with water from the same irrigation ditches, raised by the same water wheel, which is turned by progeny of the same camel or water buffalo. He lives in mud-colored huts, made of the same mud and straw bricks over which the Israelites labored before Moses led them to freedom. The Egyptian peasant is not fierce, arrogant or surly, as is the Iraqi; he's not as intellectually alert or curious as is, by and large, the average Syrian. He is, or so he seems to the casual traveler, obliging and gracious—but not obsequious—a slender, graceful individual with a deep underlay of humor. The same humor which erupts into life from time to time even in the stylized pictorial accounts which decorate the temples and tombs of Ancient Egypt.

But like so many amiable people, the *fellaheen* is stubborn. He doesn't want to be pushed, changed or instructed to do anything he hasn't traditionally done. A Mao Tse-tung or Chou En-lai could whip him into shape by prod, whip and firing squad. But the Nasser-type military regime which, while authoritarian, is not brutal, not dehumanized, often finds the going tough.

Two days after our arrival in Egypt, the raggedly picturesque owner of "Empah State Building" (a tall and misanthropic camel at whose summit Aloise Heath was immobilized) informed her in a hissy mixture of Arabic, English, French and pantomime that the (all too familiar, after 48 hours in Egypt) object he held before her eyes was a priceless scarab, dated "ten thousa' Beessee" and stolen under peril of death and dishonor from a "sacra' chamber" in the Great Pyramid. The priceless scarab, he managed to convey in the brief intervals between terrified glances over his and under Empah State Building's shoulder, could be exchanged for American money. "*Green*," he added clearly.

When she pulled out the five identical priceless scarabs she had bought earlier in the morning and offered them at an overstock price, the Arab jackknifed into a spasm of gasps and hisses so disabling as to leave Empah State Building and Aloise briefly and bashfully *à deux*. When he caught up with the unhappy couple, he made a straight business offer for the five scarabs: one piaster, or 2.6 cents for the lot. He could afford to take them off her hands, he confided, because since the great Abdel Nasser had placed the pyramids and temples under police supervision the sale of "stolen" relics had boomed.

In Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile opposite Luxor, there stands today a brand new ghost town, complete with public park and mosque, neat ochre-colored houses and apartments, arcaded stores. It was built by the government for the handful of peasants who had until recent years lived in the deserted tombs and temples of the Valley of the Kings and the Valley of the Queens. Displaced by archeologists, they moved a few feet here or there, and put up new mud huts in the bleak yellow sandstone and lime hill of the "City of the Dead," where the temperature tops 120 degrees in the summer. And there they intend to stay. Nothing but armed force will move them. Not for them the benefits of the Welfare State, if it means too great a change.



What a contrast with that more progressive inhabitant of the Nile, the last crocodile ever to be seen in Upper Egypt. He—or so the story goes—clambered out of the Nile at Khartoum and was last seen dripping his way into the Bureau of Social Welfare. What, he wanted to know, had happened to his application for a new set of state-provided false teeth?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY
and ALOISE HEATH

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Letter from London

COLM BROGAN

England Expects that Every Man Shall Hate McCarthy

I have an oath in Heaven. Nothing will ever again induce me to mention the name of the late Senator McCarthy in London. Further, if one of my friends or acquaintances mentions the name I shall put in my ear plugs and go to sleep. Over here, to speak of McCarthy in any other terms than those of total abuse is as profitable an exercise as trying to put in a good word for Oliver Cromwell in Drogheda.

This belief which I have long entertained hardened into conviction with the British Press reception of Mr. Richard Rovere's study of McCarthy. This book got the full treatment, with splash reviews in every important paper by people of some distinction or, at least, of some prominence. The chorus of praise was marred by only one voice, not discordant but ever so slightly out of tune in one passage. Mr. Clancy Sigal, who is a young American living in England, reviewed the book in the *News-Chronicle*. It goes without saying that Mr. Sigal took Mr. Rovere's fundamental assumption for granted. McCarthy was a bad, bad man, with a soul as black as the Earl of Hell's waistcoat. But is Mr. Rovere self-evidently and resplendently a good, good man? Mr. Sigal is not quite so certain of this as he would like to be.

Perhaps I am being rather hard on Mr. Sigal, for he makes it abundantly clear that he has high admiration for Mr. Rovere and faults him, if at all, only on a matter of judgment. He told his readers that Mr. Rovere knew of a man who had perjured himself when he denied Communist affiliations, and also knew that this man's name was on McCarthy's list. So Mr. Rovere reluctantly reported this man to the authorities.

Always anxious to be fair, Mr. Sigal does not in the least suggest Mr. Rovere fingered the man out of any weak-minded regard for the security of the country, but only because he was anxious to get in before McCarthy and thus rob him of the credit of unearthing a perjurer. Mr. Sigal willingly admits that the motive was meritorious. After all, there could be no greater service an American could render to America than pulling the rug from under McCarthy. And yet—something keeps gently nagging at the back of Mr. Sigal's mind. At the height of the McCarthy fury, were not men who betrayed old comrades denounced as the scum of the earth? Did not Arthur Miller win the Purple Heart of the Progressives for nobly refusing to do this very thing? Mr. Sigal admits that Mr. Rovere's action was wholly understandable. It might well be that he was right. And yet—a lingering doubt remains in the air, like a fading cigarette smoke ring. Perhaps, just perhaps, he was wrong. Mr. Sigal does not pursue the matter further, which may be good for the peace of his mind. For, if Mr. Rovere was wrong, is it possible that Mr. Robert Oppenheimer was also wrong in shelving an expendable colleague at a convenient moment? Perish such thoughts. If we pursue them we shall reach unmentionable conclusions. *Facilis descensus averno.* We might even begin to wonder if Alger Hiss was guilty after all.

Mr. Sigal's review, which was generally extremely favorable, need not worry Mr. Rovere, for all the other reviewers had to send out for more incense before they could finish their copy. They thanked Mr. Rovere for slaying a dragon, and the fact that the dragon had been dead for some years was irrelevant. The reviewers painted a picture of the United States afraid to think, much less to speak, under the Terror. Strong and brave men were demoralized, much as so many stout English soldiers were demoralized by the preternatural powers of Joan of Arc.

One reviewer said sorrowfully that honorable men were driven to tell lies. The word "honorable" puzzles me in this context. In this present miserable century honorable men have died under slow torture in the dungeons of Europe rather than tell the lies that were demanded of them. In the United States honorable men told lies rather than lose their popularity rating on television.

The most emphatic review of all began in this magisterial way, "To have watched, even at a range of 3,000 miles, the baleful career of Senator McCarthy is to come a little nearer to understand the hysteria that swept Caroline England under the lash of 'Dr.' Titus Oates. If it had been as easy in the twentieth century as in the seventeenth to construe heterodox opinions into a capital offense, there is little doubt that allegedly Communist blood would have flowed as copiously in America as Papist blood in England."

I have made no special study of the Popish Plot, but I would be surprised to learn that those arraigned could take a Caroline Fifth Amendment, refuse to say even whether they were Papists or not, and walk away to continue their attacks on those who had arraigned them.

If I had read this review in an unmarked clipping, I would have guessed that someone on the *Daily Worker* had lost his head and indulged in a malignant fantasy that would have made even Goebbels blush and overstrained the nightmare credulity of the most fanatical Party fanatic. But this review did not appear in the *Daily Worker*. It appeared, believe it or not, in the London *Times*. For good measure, the reviewer wrote of the "desperate magnanimity" with which Mr. Rovere had treated McCarthy.

Comment would be superfluous. Comment, indeed, is impossible. Anything, literally anything, will be believed about McCarthy in Britain, and argument has as much effect as raindrops falling on a steel plate. I have an educated and intelligent friend, rather inclined to the Right in politics, who conveyed to me that he believed that McCarthy was the Beast of the Apocalypse gone to the bad. I pressed on him *McCarthy and His Enemies* and urged him to read it. He returned it in a suspiciously short time and said he had read "a bit of it." Plainly he had not read

(Continued on p. 215)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The School-Leaving Age

At one stroke, nearly all disciplinary problems in our free and compulsory public schools could be solved, and a considerable improvement wrought in the standards of instruction; while the reform of the curriculum would be facilitated greatly. That magical act would be to release from high school those students who do not wish to be there and who do not much profit from attendance.

Just now, the English are solemnly debating proposals to *increase* the school-leaving age—to hold young people there as long as possible. The principal question at issue seems to be the cost—or so the parties to the debate think. But though the cost of keeping millions of boys and girls in school is great, that really is not the chief difficulty involved. The real conundrum is that you cannot educate people against their will, or beyond their natural abilities; and if you try it, you will make trouble for them and for yourself. You can confine them in school, as in a reformatory; but you cannot educate them.

Scotland's Experience

In Scotland (as distinct from England), just after the Second World War, the school-leaving age was raised to sixteen. This cost a great deal of money; and what was worse, it lowered the general level of instruction, because there were not enough teachers or classrooms. Yet a greater difficulty made itself felt within a few months, and has not yet been remedied: the conduct of the large number of boys and girls who were bored to death with compulsory attendance at a time when they were physically mature and as ready to enter the world as ever they could be. Their conduct in the schools has been bad, distracting to the teachers and to the students who desire to learn more; while their resentful conduct outside of school has been the principal factor in the great increase of vandalism and petty crime in Scotland.

Many people still seem to think that being kept in school must in itself be somehow elevating, like attending church services. If the lower grades are beneficial to nearly everyone, they reason, junior high school must be better still; and universal high-school attendance wonderfully improving to mind and character; and the university proportionately uplifting—whether the young person wants to be there or not. In America—not as yet, I am happy to say, elsewhere—we have pompous pedants that would like to see college (at least community college) made compulsory for everyone, and called the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth grades. How democratic! Every boy and girl, eventually, a Ph.D.! And besides, there would be ever so many more jobs in the educationist patronage-game.

This naive faith in mere quantitative schooling, uniform and geared to the dullest intellects, is part and parcel of what Mr. Ernest van den Haag calls "education as a secular religion." Like other attempts to erect things secular into things sacred, it fails. The superintendent cannot successfully play God, and the gymnasium is not a holy sanctuary, and the Dick and Jane readers are not Holy Writ.

In many American high schools, the hideousness of this failure is clear even to the casual observer. On the one hand, there are the young people who are bored by the whole business, and so lounge about the school corridors, flirting, kissing, fighting, breaking into other students' lockers when they get the chance; or perhaps forming a gang across the street from the school, to bully, peddle cigarettes or something worse, and mutter or shout obscenities at the women teachers as they enter the Shrine of Learning.

On the other hand, there are the young people who really belong in high school, and perhaps behave tolerably well. Yet they, too, are desperately bored, and do not work up to their capacity, or anywhere near it; for the whole standard of instruction, like the textbooks, is designed to pander to the minds of those who refuse to be educated by any technique or watered-down picture-book of a feeble course.

Enforced Uniformity

Why do we tolerate these conditions? Why do we persist in confining to school big boys and girls—really young men and women—who want out? In part, I suppose, because of the fallacy that we serve the cause of democracy by treating the bookish and the unbookish as if they were the same people. (In plain fact, we injure democratic leadership and preparation for life by this folly.) And in part, we keep them there because we can think of no other place for them to go. Positive laws about "child" labor, union restrictions, and the conditions of mass production make them virtually unemployable until they are seventeen or eighteen, if not older.

Mr. T. S. Eliot observes that there ought to be many different kinds of education, for many different kinds of people. Enforced uniformity always brings decadence. After all, we are the masters of our own society; we do not have to endure this educational folly forever. I think we ought at once to dispel the fallacy that it is almost a religious duty to keep in school those who do not profit from it; and at the same time to give much more thought and planning than we now do to programs of apprenticeship, released time, and the like. The great unions could help immeasurably in this, if they would; and the employers.

Mock weddings are all the rage just now—sponsored by departments of home economics—in a good many big schools. And Mr. Lynn Bartlett, state superintendent of public instruction for Michigan, announced that he is all in favor of marriages between high-school students, as part of the Great American Tradition. Before long, I suppose, we will be providing connubial couches in convenient cubicles of our public schools. Why not put an end to all this lunacy by letting the poor grown-up pupils have their liberty?

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Sir Anthony's Public Hell

FORREST DAVIS

It is commonplace that, although the English-speaking powers share a historic political and cultural inheritance and mutually guard the opposite shores of the North Atlantic, their interests and policies diverge in other areas, notably East Asia. Equally well known is the fact that on the explosive question of Suez the Atlantic partners temporarily parted company. The chief merit of Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs, *Full Circle* (Houghton, $6.95), is that the retired British statesman candidly, reproachfully, sometimes carpingly—and within the narrow range of his own perceptions—discloses the frailty of the alliance at such non-junctures from 1951, when he again became Foreign Secretary, until his tragic collapse into invalidism as Prime Minister early in 1957. The chief demerit of the memoir, the first published volume of what is to be a comprehensive review of Sir Anthony's career, is that Eden demonstrates a lack of insight into the realities behind the Anglo-American divergences.

Sir Anthony's stout-hearted struggle to recapture England's imperial thrall by applying the birch to the insolent Gamal Abdel Nasser for his rape of the Suez Canal was, of course, climactic for him and Britain. The enterprise failed, largely because, as Sir Anthony sees it, the United States refused to act "in the spirit of an ally." The British, French and Israelis, obedient to a decree of the United Nations most sternly invoked by Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., allowed the cowering Nasser to escape scot-free with his plunder. There were compensations. The martial Israelis captured and destroyed huge depots of Soviet hardware in the Sinai peninsula. A United Nations force came into being as buffer between Nasser's Fedayeen raiders and Israeli settlements. Nasser lost a certain face in the Arab community and at Moscow. Yet for Eden's England there was humiliation, and for that the United States stands to Eden as the villain. The memoir makes public Sir Anthony's private hell during the searing months of 1956 as the Suez crisis deepened: his frustration with a British public unwilling to resume the imperial posture; a hectoring press; and, even more deeply felt, the progressive disappointments in Washington as the Eisenhower-Dulles attitude slid into neutralism and finally open disavowal. Those were anguished months for a haughtily limited Prime Minister to whom it was not given to see that the Atlantic powers, from much retreating in Asia, had for the moment lost the uncomplicated will to put down upstarts in the putative service of Moscow.

What Sir Anthony failed to comprehend, or exhibit in his memoir, is that the United Kingdom had, by its indulgence toward the Sino-Soviet imperium in Asia, contributed to this defeatism. On Downing Street's head was the constraint that held General Douglas MacArthur on the hither side of the Yalu at a moment when Red China's power might have been scattered. Had Sir Anthony listened he could have heard the tumults of defeat arising from Dienbienphu. For it was Eden as Foreign Secretary who brusquely urged Prime Minister Churchill to veto John Foster Dulles' request for Allied intervention in Indochina, for the relief of Dienbienphu, for the defeat of Ho Chi-Minh and the internationalization of an Indochinese barrier to Communist expansion.

Eden grounded his objection to intervention in Southeast Asia on fear of a general war. The same argument was to confront him from Washington over Suez. If the United States betrayed "the spirit of an ally" in the latter case, what shall be said of the Laborite-Tory aversion to victory in Korea and of Eden's cold rebuff of Dulles over Indochina? Sir Anthony, repeatedly severe with Washington as he nurses the wounds of Suez, remarks that "the interests of allies cannot be regarded as vital in one area and expendable in another without danger to the whole structure of the alliance." True enough, but had not Britain regarded the United States' vitally necessitous, security/survival interest as enfeebling, and containing Red China in Asia as "expendable"? In this discrepancy, Sir Anthony exposes the familiar British blind spot concerning Asia and the Pacific. Asserting their own special interests in the China question, the British government and public habitually have refused to recognize ours.

I would further cavil at Sir Anthony's minimization or neglect of the instances and areas wherein the alliance has held firm. He makes no mention of the Eisenhower Administration's reluctant acceptance of his lead in arranging the Geneva Summit of 1955, nor does he note that Eisenhower and Dulles acquiesced to help him with the parliamentary elections of that year. He depreciates the powerful influence exerted by Dulles in the Trieste settlement, appropriating the credit for himself. And, most astonishingly, he manages to describe the Mossadegh crisis in Iran, the expulsion of Anglo-Iranian oil and the tedious oil diplomacy that restored the British presence, with no recognition of the skillful and essential labors of Herbert Hoover Jr.

But this is, after all, the personal apologia of a British statesman, frequently fogbound in insular considerations, and it is in that personal light that the reader must view his running account of his quarrel with

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Mr. Dulles. However legalistic and moralistic was the late Secretary's approach to the Suez question, however much Mr. Dulles' impetuosity and intellectual condescension may have roiled Sir Anthony's introverted sensibilities, it is open to doubt that the American statesman earned the captious distaste visited upon him throughout this memoir. When Sir Anthony characterizes Mr. Dulles as "a preacher in a world of politics," there may be some agreement this side of the water. When he doubts Mr. Dulles' capacity to conduct international affairs, he himself creates a dubiety. And when he alleges that his "difficulty in working with Mr. Dulles was to determine what he really meant," he may be testifying to his own lack of grasp and application.

***SIR ANTHONY EDEN:* "... *candidly, reproachfully, sometimes carpingly ... demonstrates a lack of insight into the realities behind the Anglo-American divergences.*"**

Surely, in this book Sir Anthony discloses his own uses of the obfuscating devices of diplomacy.

Mr. Dulles' estimate of Sir Anthony is not, so far as I know, on the record, but it may be inferred from certain private comments that he considered his British colleague stuffy, rigid and unaccommodating. The two men, although each belonged to the Establishment in his native land, were poorly suited to genial concourse.

The Eden memoir, enormously useful to any study of the times, is also instructive to those of us who wish to hold our own politics and national traits in perspective. As seen through the Englishman's eyes, the Eisenhower Administration, Dulles conforming, has too often preferred rhetoric to realism in dealing with the so-called "colonial" powers. Mr. Eisenhower is revealed in one discussion with Sir Anthony as being excessively deferential to "world opinion." Mr. Dulles was too impressed by what Eden calls the "spoor of colonialism," too sensitive to accusations against our Atlantic friends, many of which paralleled Moscow's line. Sound statesmanship does not always place propaganda or a cloudy idealism in the forefront of its considerations. We did so with Suez to the injury of our Atlantic relationships and with no compensating gain in the Arab or neutralist world. Many thoughtful Americans held at the time that we need not have been so exigently moralistic with the British, French and Israelis; that we might have stayed our voice at the United Nations until the dust settled and our friends could have saved face. Sir Anthony's strictures on this point are not without merit.

Expostulating with Vandals

HUGH KENNER

About 1910, when Mr. Allen Tate was a small boy in Virginia, there was preparing, chiefly in London, the most finely coordinated gathering of literary energies to make use of the English tongue at least since Wordsworth's time. It prepared the opportunities on which his career as academic literary statesman in America has depended; and if the career, now documented by *Collected Essays* (Alan Swallow, $6.00), seems inappropriately abstract in substance and administrative in tone, that is to be attributed as much to time, distance and circumstance as to temperament. A more generous temperament (I do not speak of Mr. Tate's person but of the voice his writing makes us hear; nobody's style is ever really the man) would have made less headway on a continent where the life of the mind is something to be *administered.*

Here, on these shores, and sheltered by this ivy, the last Scholastics prefer to ask whether *Prufrock* be poetry at all, whether poetry be knowledge at all, whether criticism have a function, whether any of them be admissible to the curriculum. In such a milieu it is by skill in dialectics that one prospers, and perhaps does incidental good. Thus we note of Mr. Tate's very clear prose that its clarity emerges less from the illuminated fact than from the explicated diagram: not an Eliot showing us Marvell as we had not been able to see Marvell before, but an Abelard of the lectern distinguishing four kinds of partial poetry—

> political poetry for the sake of the cause; picturesque poetry for the sake of the home town; didactic poetry for the sake of the parish; even a generalized personal poetry for the sake of the reassurance and safety of numbers

—in such a way that what we understand is not four poets, four poems, perhaps not even four poetries, but the distinctions that separate four terms.

This is a forensic strategy, imposed by someone else's incapacity to assimilate the concrete fact. It is a mark of the situation in which he has functioned for so long that Mr. Tate is more often than not arguing with somebody, usually an exponent of "scientism." This fellow is not a T. H. Huxley wrapped in invincible ignorance; he is a professor of English, thus by definition a man of letters, but a man of letters who no longer, as Mr. Tate notes, will believe in literature—will believe, rather, "that the knowledge offered us in even the most highly developed literary forms has something factitious and illusory about it, so that before we can begin to test its validity we must translate it into an analogy derived from the sciences."

A few dozen such professors constituted an Establishment, amid exasperation with whom Mr. Tate spent many crisp bright barren pages arguing about "Literature as Knowledge," "The New Provincialism," "The Present Function of Criticism," and even "Is Literary Criticism Possible?" (this last debouching into the sub-question,

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"Supposing we knew what criticism is, what relation would it have to the humanities, of which it seems to be a constituent part?", the whole with arid urgency ravelled into ten "propositions, or theses, which either I or some imaginable person might be presumed to uphold at the present time.").

But Mr. Tate is not really condemned to these salt mines; he has a taste for them. If he speaks with great readiness this language whose clarity is "derived from the sciences," so well fitted for enunciating propositions or theses, it is not a Choctaw he adopts for parleying with the savages, but the language we find him speaking wherever we open the book. For Mr. Tate, too, shies away from examining the thing the poet does when he lays word next to word.

THIS EXPLAINS, for instance, why two brilliant essays on Poe, who manifestly has more meaning for Mr. Tate than for any other critic who has tackled him, confine themselves almost wholly to his "ideas," and to other ideas, extrapolated from twentieth-century experience, into which Poe's ideas nestle. Mr. Tate can convince us that he is reading the same Poe we have before our eyes, and not being seduced by a melodramatic life; no other critic has done this. He can produce one brilliant *aperçu* after another: "Very rarely he [Poe] gives us a real perception because he is not interested in anything that is alive. Everything in Poe is dead: the houses, the rooms, the furniture, to say nothing of nature and of human beings." He can note of Poe's style that it has many allotropes, and of his "serious style at its typical worst" that it "makes the reading of more than one story at a sitting an almost insuperable task." He can perform everything, in short, but the critical act itself, which would entail the detention of the reader in the presence of Poe's actual text until our new understanding had taken root among Poe's very words and sentences.

For as anyone can learn who will flip through *Collected Essays* and note the scarcity of quotations, his author's actual text is only spasmodically relevant to Mr. Tate's strategy. The strategy is to dissociate his subject into abstract ideas which he then expounds with dry passion and relinquishes, having reduced them to ultimate terms, with an apocalyptic grimace ("If the trappings of Poe's nightmare strike us as tawdry, we had better look to our own."). That is why he succeeds so well with Poe, who comes to him already dissociated; why so large an admixture of faith animates his fine encomium on Keats (since nothing else will carry him from his essay's ideas back to Keats' text); and why for preference he does not discuss particular works or authors at all, but rotates before us elegant mobiles labelled "What is a Traditional Society?" or "To Whom is the Poet Responsible?", diverting like all mobiles in the equilibrium of their empty dangle.

Hence the remoteness with which the twentieth-century literary Vortex is reflected in these pages. The earliest pieces in the book are reviews of *Ash-Wednesday* and *A Draft of XXX Cantos*, dating from 1931. They are not, in 1960, critical classics. There is a 1942 piece on Yeats' Romanticism, which made the accurate statement that Yeatsian scholarship was barking up the wrong tree and predicted that it would bark there even harder (it has). And that is the extent of Mr. Tate's explicit dealings with the enduring literature of the century on whose threshold he had the great good luck to be born, unless we are to except brief notes on Crane, Robinson, MacLeish and Bishop, or a 15-page technical commentary on his own "Ode to the Confederate Dead."

FOR THE contemporary situation, as Mr. Tate saw it, was primarily an academic situation, created not by what was being written in London, Paris and Rapallo, but by what was being discussed in graduate seminars and ventilated in such journals as the *Kenyon Review*. This supposition comes naturally in a very large country lacking a capital and endeavoring to conduct the life of the mind over a haphazard communications network. Hence not only did he indulge his bent for talking with the Cartesian clarity of the savages, but he let himself be guided by the savages' notion of what was important, notably the notion that our first duty is to get the *idea* of something or other straight. To such a task he addresses himself over and over, never muddling a page and seldom creating six or eight pages at a stretch to which one returns gratefully for renewed illumination.

But nothing is more transient than the impulses in a network; and it is to be feared that these essays have mostly died with their occasions, leaving a residue of antiseptic concern. They aren't live literary criticism; they never were. They were countermoves to the middle-game of an academic generation now past, the generation that went in for historical scholarship, persistent, leisurely, befuddled, civil and willing to hunch its rumpled smoking-jacket and accord Mr. Tate the pleasure of a hearing. On those occasions, if Scriblerus and Bentley were unteachable, Mr. Tate and his sympathizers had at least the pleasure of being audible, and relevant.

That generation has been superseded by a thuggish crowd equally naive in its scientism, but frantically concerned with the twentieth-century writers Mr. Tate never sufficiently attended to. What the new academic generation wants to do with those writers is encase them each in a ton of biographical cement, christen the result a memorial statue, and then topple it into the Chicago River or any handy submarine trench, to await a future Piccard or Cousteau. It is as vulnerable as the former generation to Mr. Tate's principles but equally immune to his expostulations, the more so as he isn't talking to it but to its now vanished forebears. Expostulation with vandals, history shows, is anyhow useless. The only antidote for misconceived dealings with artists and the arts is an extensive body of criticism, discussion, exegesis, printed conversation, dealing with them better. And a deposit of that, unhappily, Mr. Tate did not, for one reason or another, accumulate for us.

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Science Fiction

"And Then What Happened?"

C. R. MORSE

WHY DOES anyone write fiction? Why does anyone read it? So many spiders spinning! So many flies eager for the web! Where did it all begin? Surely with the telling of a story. The imagination easily supplies the vision of a shaggy group huddled in a cave, listening. The firelight is in our faces, the night around us, and the stars above the night. Who knows what simple or oracular account possesses us? But we can guess it is a *story*.

Perhaps most contemporary fiction is stale and inadequate because it has got too far away from storytelling. Certainly *Lolita* and those long, rueful pieces in the *New Yorker* have come a great distance from the fire in the cavern. "True" storytelling moves forward as if prompted by impatient children chorusing: "And *then* what happened?" Few of our best writers, since the earlier Evelyn Waugh, have possessed the narrator's art that makes us greedy for the next *event*. We may be eager for the next *page* ("readability"), but such eagerness does not necessarily mean an interest in the sequence of happenings ("plot"). The result is a fiction that is personal to the point of confession, fragmented, meditative, as carelessly patterned as "life," as random as memory. And, as in life, "characters" and descriptions and subjective poetry abound. In improper hands, this mélange of the humdrum and of private reactions can be deadly dull.

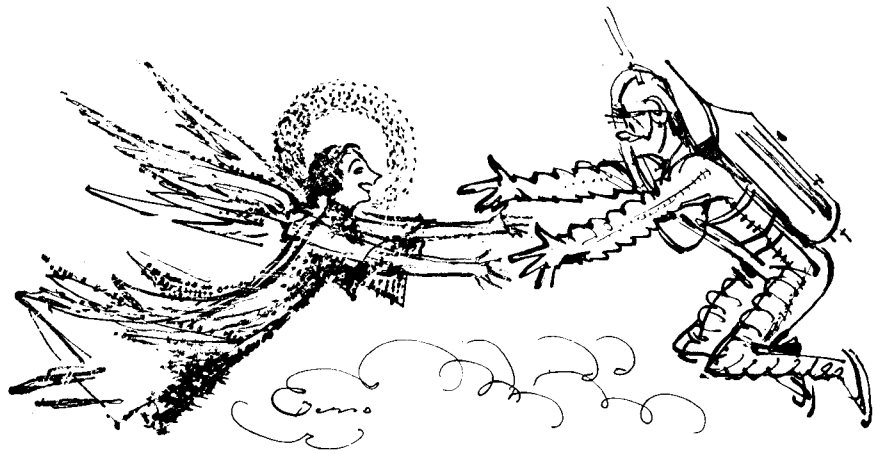
Naturally there has been a countermovement, beginning with *The Moonstone, She, Sherlock Holmes,* some H. G. Wells, etc.—but the movement has not won much serious respect as literature. The detective novel, the Western, the "chase" novel, have done much to satisfy a human craving for plot-patterns. Then too, the historical novel (like the portrait in painting) continues in its good old-fashioned way. But in the field of storytelling, Science Fiction has opened up more varied regions and offers far greater opportunity for serious thought.

For me at least, the writers of science-fantasy seem not very far from the firelit cave of narrative. At their best, they return us to the wholesome impersonality of myth, fairy tale, ghost story, saga. They are true storytellers, and as such they revive the method of meaningful event. "Plot" need not be a simple sequence of suspenseful happenings), a pure adventure. What makes an event significant? To be "significant," the event must suggest that it stands for something *more than itself*. It must have about it an air of metaphor, implying meanings of deeper and wider application—perhaps unguessable. The durability of myth depends on this metaphorical quality —*e.g.*, the little story of Narcissus. A handsome boy rejects all proposals of love, but kills himself because he cannot attain his own image reflected in a pool. Several thousand years (and as many psychiatrists) have refused to view this death as a simple suicide.

It has not perhaps been sufficiently noted that myths divide into two groups. The first group tells of the creation, the origin of the gods, and the advent of man. These "stories" are oracular in quality, suggesting a more-than-human source, and a prehuman knowledge. The Theogony of Hesiod (with, for example, its awesome account of Aphrodite's apparition) is very different from the Cretan cycle or the Labors of Herakles. Herakles belongs to the second and more abundant group of myths. These stories are more "human," more local, closer to mundane affairs and to misty historical memories. Many, such as Jason's expedition, verge on the picaresque adventure story. Others, such as the metamorphoses of Arachne, Philomel, Arethusa, etc., are nature fables. They are all perennially *entertaining*.

I believe that a comparable division takes place in SF. On one hand we have straightforward adventure fantasies in the future, amid strange worlds and creatures—or we have fanciful little tales based on quirky ideas and extrapolations: these belong to storytelling as entertainment or pastime. On the other hand, we have stories that go beyond entertainment, and attempt to enclose serious and universal meanings in enigmatic symbols. In this class we can hardly expect the tremendous formulations bequeathed to us by the millennia—but there is no reason why a contemporary should not try to invent his own mythology. And *is* it pure invention—who knows what lies in the subconscious?

IN *The World That Couldn't Be, and Eight Other Novelets from Galaxy* (Edited by H. L. Gold, Doubleday, $3.99), Alan E. Nourse's "Brightside Crossing" is a good example of Class One—agonizing adventure on Mercury. The title story by Clifford Simak, however, seems to belong to the class of significant metaphor. It takes place on an alien planet, and concerns the tracking of a mysterious "animal" who has destroyed the *vua* plantations of the human immigrants. The chase leads through a mad landscape torn by appalling storms. Shot after shot has no effect on the quarry. It seems to disintegrate, only to re-form. When



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we at last meet the Cytha, it turns out to be a framework, like the skeleton of a turkey, that throbs with life and glows with a violet light. The lesser life-forms of the planet huddle in those fragile bones to make up its shifting bulk; and it would appear that all the birds and beasts, and even the asexual humanoids, have somehow emerged from them. Mr. Simak, in this exciting but imperfect story, manages to achieve a mood of genuine mystery and immanent significance. Is the Cytha the life-creating principle? Guess for yourself. . . .

"Once A Greech" by Evelyn E. Smith, although deftly hilarious, is harder to classify. In the main it is a satire on SF itself, and yet edges in a curious way toward "deeper" meaning.

Arthur C. Clarke's *Across the Sea of Stars* (Harcourt, $3.95) contains eighteen short stories and two novels. Of the novels, "Earthlight" is a loosely-bound compendium of adventurous activities on the moon, quite devoid of metaphor and other-meaning (Class One). It is largely interesting because of Clarke's uncanny skill in giving a sober and convincing reality to conditions in the future. The familiar and justly famed "Childhood's End" has much more spine as a novel. The apocalyptic grandeur of its imagining makes this book one of the finest examples of neo-mythology in SF. Along with Stapledon's "Odd John" I place it high in Class Two.

Why do we write and read fiction? Perhaps when we learn why we dream, the same answer will serve.

The Ides of March (Now April)

FRANK CHODOROV

It isn't funny, this income tax business. In a few weeks almost every adult in the country will be tussling with some form, trying to find some loophole in the law through which to save a dollar or two from the clutches of the tax-collector, or taking a chance on tax evasion. In fact, for a whole year every American has been thinking of tax avoidance or tax evasion; it is a matter of constant concern, with us all the time, and engaging our interest far more than any other matter save, perhaps, our health. Tax avoidance or evasion is a serious business.

And yet C. Northcote Parkinson, in his new book, *The Law and the Profits* (Houghton, $3.50), manages to treat the subject of the income tax, of all taxes, with considerable humor. It is urbane humor, the kind that cuts deeply and leaves the advocate of high taxes without a leg to stand on. Even though the author predicts a decline of all the values we attach to civilization, as a result of confiscatory taxes, he does so with detachment.

His "law" is simply that "expenditure rises to meet income." That is to say, the greater the income of an individual the freer he is with its use. But government never considers what its income is or might be. It sets its expenditure first, in a budget, and then sets out to collect the amount. The budget is a collection of figures set up by the bureaucrats as necessary for the functioning of their several departments; and since the bureaucrats are primarily interested in furthering their own affairs, the figures have no relation to the proper functions of government.

This pattern of governmental profligacy is set during war, when the national security is at stake and cost is no consideration to the citizenry. But, when peace returns, the government is reluctant about giving up any of its powers gained during the emergency; it finds convenient excuses for continuing the waste incident to war. The patriotic fervor of the taxpayer is gone, however, and he resorts to tax evasion or avoidance as a matter of right; he looks upon the government as a highwayman, from whom it is moral to withhold any funds he does not know about.

In this attitude toward government the taxpayer is supported by his knowledge of waste in its operations. The waste is due to the bureaucratic structure of government. It is to the advantage of the bureaucrat to devise ways and means of enlarging his functions, and to enmesh these functions in a proliferation of papers and publications which further his purpose. But it is all waste; the taxpayer knows or senses that it is, and he feels no moral compunction about cheating on his income tax returns.

The principal device for multiplying the functions of the bureaucracy is the Welfare State. It puts the bureaucrat in the limitless realm of performing a "social good" and enables him to call upon the taxpayer to foot the bill, no matter how large. But it has its drawbacks. In the first place, the recipients of government largesse, becoming used to this kind of living, lose all sense of self-reliance and self-responsibility; they develop a slave psychology. Thus the moral fiber of a people is destroyed and the nation becomes debilitated. Furthermore, the loss of initiative on the part of the tax-receivers is paralleled by loss of initiative on the part of the taxpayers, who see no profit in trying to accumulate property which will be taxed away. A general deterioration of the character of the people sets in, and interest in the finer things of life wanes. Civilization is the loser.

Is there no escape from this consequence? There could be. Some equitable proportion of the national income should be set as the limit of taxation in peace time, and the various departments of government should be instructed to keep their expenses within that limit. What should that limit be? For answer, Professor Parkinson goes to the experience of history. In ancient times it was learned that 10 per cent could be collected without inducing any inclination to evasion or encouraging migration to other lands. Where flight was for one reason or another impracticable, 20 per cent was collected without too much difficulty. But when taxes rose to above 33 per cent, revolt or ruin ensued. "These are the profits of experience, and from these profits we should derive our law."

This, in substance, is the argument. But it is impossible in a review to give the reader the flavor of the book. It is larded with humorous illustrations of waste in government, of the public attitude toward taxation, of methods of evasion and avoidance, and is altogether a delightful book to read, despite its grim message.

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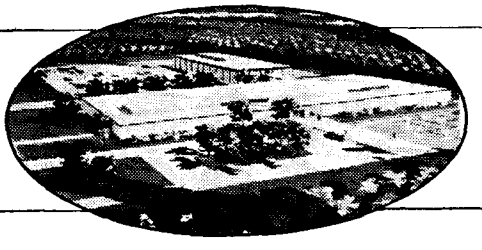

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The Artistry of Juliette Greco

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE STYLE was there. It grew out of the muted songs of Auvergne, the distorted echo of the religious chant, the lament of the *cocotte* who must discover unhappiness to justify corruption. It found its apotheosis in Edith Piaf, standing stark and motionless under the feverish light of a baby spot in the Paris *boîtes,* as she rehearsed the love, requited and unrequited, of the *demi-monde.* Piaf, in the shapeless black dress of the shopgirl, her hair bushy on a head too large for a diminutive body, all the flashy and busty accoutrements of the American entertainer missing—Piaf made it sing.

But the French, they are a funny race. It is not enough to celebrate those broken hearts of Montmartre which must have moved Toulouse-Lautrec. Beyond the act, there must be philosophy. There must be the thought which compromises the emotion—and the emotion which makes valid the thought. This is what the Existentialists did to the real song of Paris—the song that went far beyond the vapid and charming music-hall quavers of a Chevalier or the purring bump-and-grind of a Lilo.

The result of this miscegenation, this marriage of the Parisian night song and Existentialist intellectual confusion, was Juliette Greco. At the Place St. Germain-des-Prés, she became a symbol. Singing at the Boeuf sur le Toit and the Vieux Colombier, she copied the Piaf black, but with a difference—straight black hair, a black sweater, black slacks. And her songs came from names not associated with any of the world's Tin Pan Alleys. Jean-Paul Sartre, François Mauriac, Jacques Prévert, Guillaume Appollinaire were the "lyricists"—and the music transcended even the haunting melodies from which Piaf had extracted so much of life's ABC of sorrows.

There were others in Paris whose art and reputation were nourished in the same fervid atmosphere. But Juliette Greco would have been great had her life been delimited by the songs of Irving Berlin. The evidence is there for all to hear in the three records she has made for Columbia (*St. Germain-des-Prés,* CL 569; *Juliette,* WL 138; *Juliette Greco,* ML 5088).

Merely as singing, these three records would be worth the price of admission. Hers is a beautiful instrument, used with humor and flexibility and a perfection of phrasing rarely encountered. I have always maintained that the good "popular" singer usually knows more of what he (or she) is feeling than the trained and straitjacketed opera or concert singer. Both the technique and the subject matter of good popular song derive from the here-and-now of the broken heart, the day's frustrations, the sights and sounds of our urban alienation. Juliette Greco did not have to be coached in the traditions of *bel canto.* Like the great, and unrecognized, American singer of popular music Portia Nelson, she sang out of her gut—and with an artistry as undebatable as the *Zeitgeist.*

But beyond the esthetic fulfillment of Juliette Greco's voice, there is the wide range of songs she sings, the moods she creates. From the conventional but lovely *Les Feuilles Mortes* (which comes to life again, despite the mauling it has taken from second-rate singers) to the purely Existentialist *La Fourmi* (about an ant eighteen meters long, pulling a wagonload of penguins and reciting in French and Latin . . . which doesn't exist, *mais pourquoi pas?*) to the exquisite *L'Ombre* of Maurice (in its *genre* an art song, really), the gamut is very wide.

Among the songs of Paris life something like *Les Croix*—about the leaden cross we all bear—is a sudden note, almost religious in its mood and its intent. And then we are pulled back to the pessimism of the world which exists in the fitful darkness of a great city. *La Belle Vie,* it is ironically entitled, and its refrain reaches out to those *"enfants des corridors, enfants des courants d'air, le monde nous a foutu dehors, la vie nous a foutu en l'air."* But perhaps most touching of all is that other-worldly love song, *Les Enfants qui s'aiment.*

They do not write songs like these here. And we have no Juliette Greco to sing them. But we can hear them, we can feel their ironic or sentimental riposte. Each age has its voice—and I suspect that Juliette Greco and her songs may well be the voice of these bemused years.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

EDUCATION AND WISDOM, by George N. Shuster (Harper, $3.50). George N. Shuster, the priest who became a "leader in the field of modern education," inadvertently reveals the secret of his success in this batch of trivial essays and addresses: to become a respected teacher among the educationists, simply refuse to teach. Speaking to educators, he advises them to learn from students; before students, he thanks them for all they have revealed to him. "The Great Books" is a great program because it gets people together and talking—everyone learning and no one teaching, the followers following the followers. In Dr. Shuster's own tearful phrase, "The good teacher is a good friend." His years as college president seem to have perfected his gift for banality and made him forever incapable of understanding the book for which, recently, he wrote a preface—Newman's *Idea of a University.* G. WILLS

GRANT MOVES SOUTH, by Bruce Catton (Little, Brown, $6.50). "Grant sat motionless . . . an untasted cup of coffee in his hand . . . judging by the sound, this was a real fight and not just a skirmish. Grant set his cup down, stood up, and said: 'Gentlemen, the ball is in motion. Let's be off.'" Recognize the prose? That's Bruce Catton, back with still another Civil War Book. Another big one (564 pages), too—Mr. Catton never writes a mere skirmish. This time, he gives us the second volume of the three-part life of Grant started by Lloyd Lewis, who died in 1950 just after completing the notable first volume, *Captain Sam Grant.* Catton was an obvious choice to finish the work. Certainly he knows his subject, and for those who like his half-historian's, half-popularizer's style, this is a good book. It is probably Catton at his best. But the elaborate, chummy re-creation of the hero's personality is not *Grant* at his best. J. P. MCFADDEN

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To the Editor

The 'Heresy' of Father Teilhard—An Exchange

It was a surprise to see praise given, in your review of Teilhard de Chardin's *Phenomenon of Man* [February 27] to a principal exponent of modern Liberalism. He is the modern alchemist, trying to create new values with the tools of scientific observation. He is dear to Liberal thinkers because, like them, he hypostatizes mere *process*: not content with the reality of history, he writes man's future story and "justifies" the past and present in terms of it. Modern Liberalism has always taken this flight from reality, charting in the non-existent future a long ascent, down whose perspective all differences fade. On this cosmic slope we dwindle and become a single blur of change, a manageable phase of this hypothetical development.

But the real world is one of chasms and contradictions. The drastic simplification of abstract form, the timeless concept in the mind of man, do not result from any extension of "complications." The chasm in the soul of an Achilles facing death is bottomless, not merely a new twist—or any number of added twists—given to that spiral of ascent which hypnotizes de Chardin. It is the business of tragedy to point out the gap between the absolute value of a Hamlet and his sociological function in the growth of Danish society. It is the business of philosophy and religion to explain these breaks and mysteries in being—not with facile formulas of growth, but with recognition of the answering and balancing mysteries of existence, thought, and revelation. For St. Paul, the Incarnation marks "the fullness of time" because it is the moment when eternity invades time, cutting across the gradations of mere succession and natural growth. That clash of time and eternity takes place in the drama of every human soul. Man does not exist in order to develop toward some future Omega. His presence is a challenge absolute and instant, not to be explained away or justified by dreams of the future. Not all of de Chardin's evasive metaphors and vast perspectives can disguise this polarity and dialectic and crisis in the human individual.

It is the *individual* human being against whom modern rationalism, scientism and Liberalism are ever at war. Science ignores the existential unit's particular reality in order to generalize and form "laws" of patterned behavior. This method, useful for observation and pragmatic manipulation, is useless for metaphysical speculation. It is precisely the particular, irreducible reality of individual existents which interests the philosopher, as well as the artist. When alchemists like de Chardin try to create reality with their instruments of observation, they reduce human society to a homogeneous field for generalization, manipulation, gradated and increasingly controlled experiments. That is why the Liberal is naturally drawn to the use of physical science's methods in his own reduction of society to a single field for experiment. "Omega" is the goal of all Liberals.

Wallingford, Conn. GARRY WILLS

William Rusher's review of the Teilhard de Chardin book is so reminiscent of others that I suspect the reviewers of cribbing from a common source, or that they all suffer from the same reverent non-comprehension.

In chorus they hail the late Jesuit as a man of towering intellect . . . They laud [his] poetic outbursts as though these were the frosting on the cake of pure science. (Mr. Rusher quotes a misty, dramatic "description" of the evolutionary birth of thought. However, scientifically there is no evidence for the evolutionary birth of thought. Philosophically this is a materialistic theory open to the charge of pulling something greater out of something less. Theologically it is a heresy. Why praise a man for obfuscating with pseudo-mystical imagery so brazen a challenge to reason and revelation?) Finally, after mentioning the very dim view which the Church has taken of this work, the reviewers label it nonetheless "pro-

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foundly Christian" and in general indicate that Father Teilhard has promoted God's glory by reconciling evolution with dogma.

Off and on for five months I have tried to read *The Phenomenon of Man.* It's difficult to get beyond the Preface. For my money, all the subsequent confusions and errors are virtually contained in the author's avowed intention to treat man "solely as a phenomenon, but also to deal with the whole phenomenon of man." The first half of this statement means he is not going to talk about man's rationality, spirituality, etc., but only about his observable and measurable physical characteristics without speculating about their cause or interconnection. The second half of the statement means that he *is* going to talk about the non-phenomenal aspects of man after all, but he is going to treat them as though they were observable sense data, which means that he is making the *a priori* assumption that they are mere complexes of matter or auras of same. This is a philosophical presupposition and it is materialistic, notwithstanding the evolutionary mold into which it is cast. Current materialistic philosophies mostly use the evolutionary disguise. Anyhow, since the book starts with a self-contradictory purpose, it is no wonder that it becomes a raging torrent of confusion.

. . . I am surprised that the thesis was not recognized as essentially identical with the Communist thesis, the difference being that the Marxists develop their evolutionary pattern in the practical, economic order, whereas this is more a speculative treatment, for all its fundamental confusion of philosophy and science. Both are enamored with "progress" and both see future progress in terms of a human collectivity. The philosophical error, the same in both cases, is the supposition that Humanity exists, or can exist. Humanity is simply a mental concept, an abstraction. . .

. . . Christianity, in marked contrast to these theories, sees a great future for individual men, or at least for such of them as choose to conform to the moral law and are willing to receive God's grace. But progress of the Christian sort rests on a God Who is outside the evolutionary process and human souls which are really spiritual and specially created individually by God, and which are not just complexifications (I believe this is one of Father Teilhard's words) of

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primal matter. The Christian view is not incompatible with scientific theories of biological evolution but it certainly reduces the evolutionary process to a modest role in the search for truth. . . .

Peekskill, N.Y. MRS. MAURICE ROBINSON

The Reviewer Replies

Much as I would prefer to open this argument on a higher plane, I am afraid I must begin by insisting that Garry Wills *read* Father Teilhard's book (a detail I happen to know he has neglected), and that Mrs. Robinson press on beyond its Preface. It is distressing to see Mr. Wills expending his fine mind and prose on targets (*e.g.*, "some future Omega") that simply aren't there, and to witness Mrs. Robinson's totally unnecessary confusion between "thought" (of which Father Teilhard treats in its aspect as a natural evolutionary development) and "soul" (which, she will discover on p. 169, may quite consistently be depicted as a supernatural endowment of men).

Of course, it may be that Mr. Wills and Mrs. Robinson are so wedded to some particular view of the human phenomenon that they can afford to dismiss any new book on the subject unread, on the ground that, if it is really new, it must either deal with topics too minor to interest them, or concern questions too major to reopen. But shutting one's mind to Father Teilhard is not quite the same thing as refuting him.

It certainly does not refute him to complain that many Liberals like him. It is quite true that both the methods and the discoveries of modern science have been perverted by Liberals (and Marxists) to their own ends. But Mr. Wills is too good a logician to suppose that this constitutes a valid indictment of science. And Mrs. Robinson really should get over the idea that she can dispose of an uncongenial view by denouncing it as "a heresy"—a judgment her own vigilant Church has signally omitted to pronounce in the case of Father Teilhard, and which in any event could hardly be expected to intimidate non-Catholics. *Du calme, Madame;* in your Father's house are many mansions.

Assuredly, a case can be made out against Father Teilhard's book. But it cannot be made by people who approach it in the spirit of firemen approaching a fire.

New York City WILLIAM A. RUSHER

A New Paltz Protest

Even Conservatives err!

As much as I enjoyed Mr. Kirk's report on the AWARE conference [March 12], I must hasten to add a correction. Mr. Kirk mistakenly identified me as "a brand new instructor at New Paltz State Teachers College." Actually I am a student-teacher from the College of Education at New Paltz.

I would like to thank Mr. Kirk for the generosity of his report, and for his enlightening words at the conference.

Highland, N.Y. PAUL JANKIEWICZ

The U.S. vs. Luxembourg

Like most Luxembourgers, I have been for years a staunch friend of the United States, and of her genuinely democratic government and way of life. I have been for years a member of the board of the American Luxembourg Society, whose aim is to promote friendships and cultural exchanges with the United States. So may I take the liberty of submitting to American public opinion the reasons why I have begun to doubt whether the friendship of the United States for Luxembourg, the baby partner in NATO, is really genuine?

Until now the government of the United States has refused to sign a bilateral air transport agreement with Luxembourg. It has steadfastly refused to grant landing rights to Luxembourg carriers in the U.S. The U.S. Seaboard and Western Airlines Inc. has been refused permission to use Luxembourg as a traffic point. This decision presents an obvious case of inadmissible discrimination against Luxembourg, for all the other European countries are authorized to fly persons and goods to the U.S. and back. Several arguments have been presented by the United States against the conclusion of a bilateral air transport agreement; but each of them can be easily rebutted, whether it be the diversion of traffic from designated U.S. carriers, or the insufficient existing traffic potential—or even the fact that Luxembourg is a new competitor for existing American airlines (the giant being afraid of his baby competitor?).

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bourg tourism and for the creation of new industries. Owing to its geographical position. Luxembourg has no direct communication by sea with foreign countries.

In matters of aviation, the United States has always announced publicly its policy of non-discrimination. This policy is applied to all the other nations of western Europe, to countries in Central America, some of which have not always been very friendly to the U.S., to countries like Israel and Lebanon. . . . Even pro-Communist nations get a special favor. . . .

I avail myself of the opportunity of bringing this matter before the American people who have never so far identified themselves with those "pressure groups" endeavoring to cause damage to the legitimate interests of Luxembourg. I feel confident that American public opinion will not hesitate to tell the responsible persons in the State Department that the country where everybody likes America, where the tombs of all American soldiers as well as that of their great commander, General George F. Patton, are, all over the year, spontaneously covered with flowers, has not deserved a policy of discrimination. Even if it is only a very small country!

JEAN-PIERRE HAMILIUS JR.
Administrative Director
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The Dispensability of Firemen

The letter from Monica Barry in your January 30th issue, relating to the current controversy over featherbedding in the railroad industry, contains some erroneous implications which suggest that the lady is misinformed, or unwilling to face the facts.

Miss Barry repeats the timeworn, emotional argument that firemen are needed on diesel locomotives for reasons of safety. She ignores the authoritative report of the Canadian Royal Commission which investigated this impartially and thoroughly, and concluded that *the functions of firemen "have either totally disappeared,* as in the case of production of power, mechanical assistance and inspection, *or are a mere duplication of what is discharged by another or others,* as in the case of the lookout functions performed by the head-end trainman and the engineman."

Experience suggests that the presence of excess crewmen, leading to divided responsibility for observing signals and right of way, is actually a safety hazard. The 23 states in which so-called "full crew" laws have been enacted, as a result of political pressure by the railroad brotherhoods, have more than their share of railroad accident casualties—66 per cent, compared with 57.4 per cent of rail employees, and 51 per cent of railroad mileage.

Incidentally, it should be emphasized that the railroads propose to remove firemen from freight diesels only, *not from passenger train locomotives;* and that no diesels in road service would have only one man in the engine cab, since the head-end brakeman would accompany the engineer as a second man in the cab.

As for productivity, Interstate Commerce Commission reports show that gross ton-miles—the amount of transportation service—turned out by the railroads during each hour that employees work, rose by 65 per cent between 1945 and 1958. But total compensation per hour worked, including fringe benefits, rose 180 per cent, or nearly three times as much as "production." Thus, output per dollar of employee compensation—*the measure of what industry gets from workers for what it pays them —had declined by 40 per cent.*

Under today's highly competitive conditions, the railroads must arrest this decline in productivity, and get a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, if they are to continue to perform their essential service. . . .

Sharon, Conn. J. B. P.

Private Enterprise in Yellowstone

In the last paragraph of John Chamberlain's "From Here to There" [January 2] an inference is made that the accommodations in Yellowstone are provided by the federal government. That is not the case. As is the practice in most of the larger parks, the federal government has contracted with private concessions to furnish basic services to visitors. In Yellowstone these services are performed by three concessions—the Yellowstone Park Company, Hamilton Stores, Inc., and Haynes, Inc.

These concessioners have been operating in Yellowstone for various periods, the longest of which is nearly eighty years, and the shortest forty-five years. Since 1955, these companies . . . have invested over $7 million in new improvements.

I doubt very much that the experience the Union Pacific has had with Sun Valley would prepare it . . . to operate in a national park. Sun Valley has operated in the black only two of the years of its history. . . .

Helena, Mont. HUGH D. GALUSHA JR.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

(Continued from p. 202)

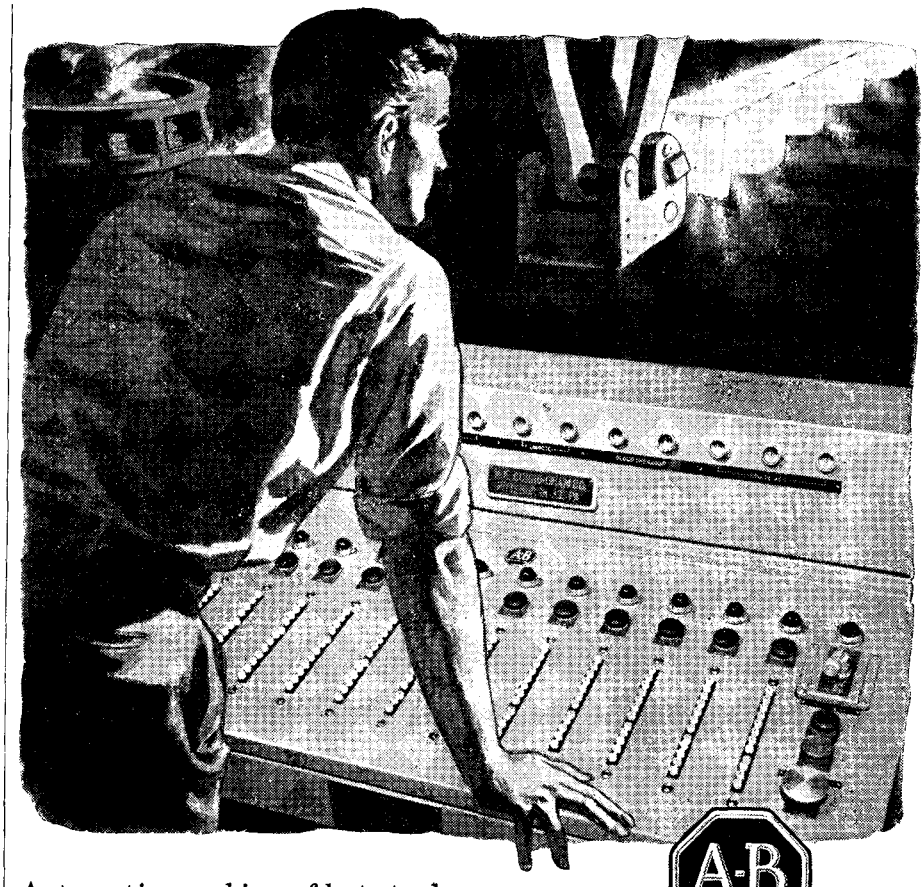
more than half a dozen pages. For him the book was strictly unreadable, as Darwin would be for a dedicated Fundamentalist.

I tried the same gambit with another friend by giving him Mr. James Wechsler's account of his sufferings at the hands of the Committe on Un-American Activities. To do Mr. Wechsler justice, he not only freely conceded that he had been a Communist at Columbia but also admitted that the activities of himself and his little playmates had been personally dishonorable. I need not tell American readers that he was called before McCarthy's committee, that he went back to New York in the middle of the sessions, that McCarthy sent him a wire to tell him that he would not publish the transcript till he, Wechsler, had studied it and agreed that it was entirely correct. Or that Mr. Wechsler returned to New York after the end of his evidence to continue his attacks on McCarthy—all this at the time when McCarthyism is alleged to have put the American mind and conscience into a numb deep freeze. What happened to Mr. Wechsler? Nothing. He is still there, very much there. McCarthy is dead.

For the matter of that, what happened to Mr. Rovere? Not only did he survive The Terror, but he appears to be thoroughly sound in wind and limb. He is certainly sound in wind. Yet he is the archetype of the kind of man whose career is alleged to have been ruined and his life blighted by McCarthyism. He is the evidence against himself. But of the round dozen reviewers I have read, not one gives the reader even a hint that Mr. Rovere ever had anything to do with Communism, that he is not an objective witness.

Perhaps they know as little about Mr. Rovere as they know about McCarthy. I cannot say, nor do I much care any more. I have nearly lost friends and I have lost a lot of money by trying to combat the hysteria of the anti-McCarthyites.

Now I retire. Arguing with an obsessional fixation is like arguing with someone who speaks a different language and knows no other. So, if mention of the Sinister Senator ever penetrates my ear plugs, I shall say, "McCarthy? McCarthy? What do you mean? I thought the name was Oates."



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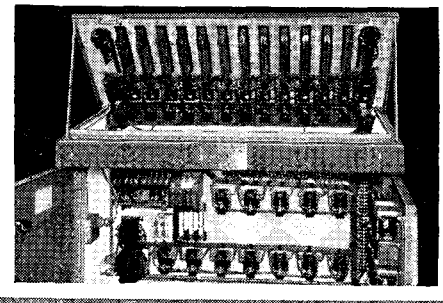

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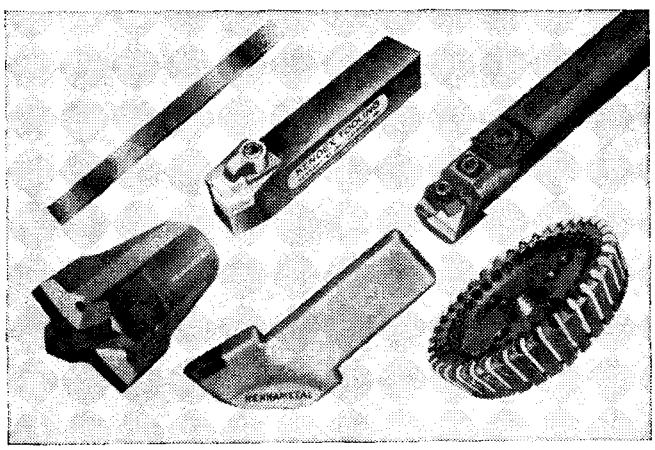

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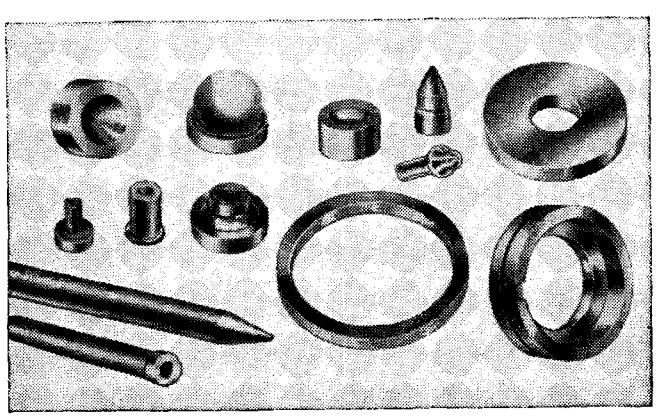

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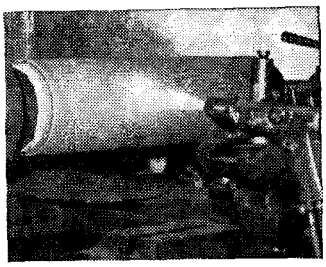

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